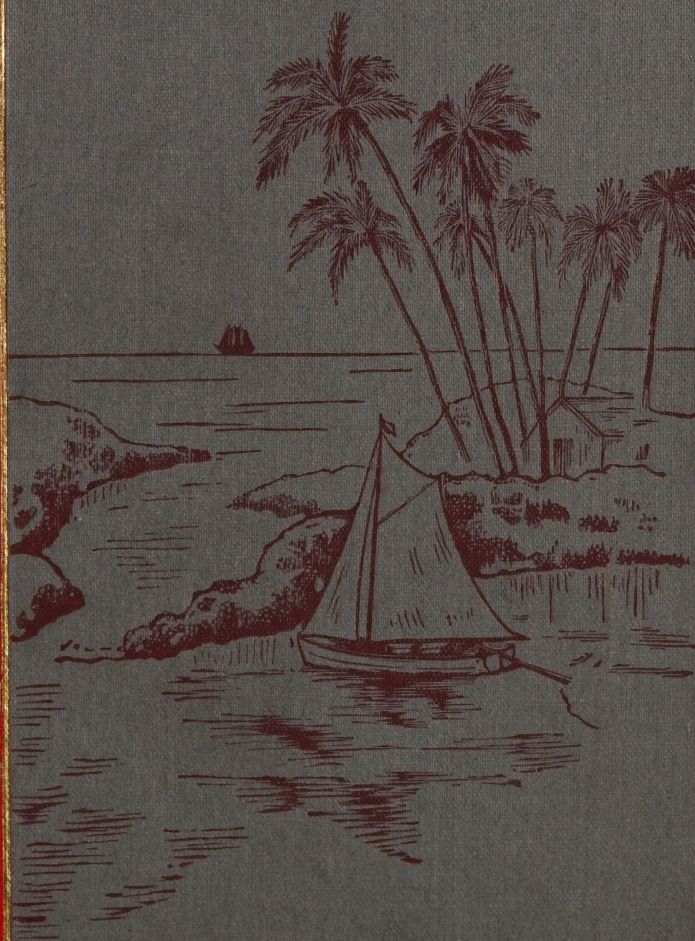
ONE SUMMER IN HAWAII

HELEN MATHER



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Number

ONE SUMMER IN HAWAII.

PALM AVENUE, HONOLULU.

ONE SUMMER IN HAWAII

BY

HELEN MATHER

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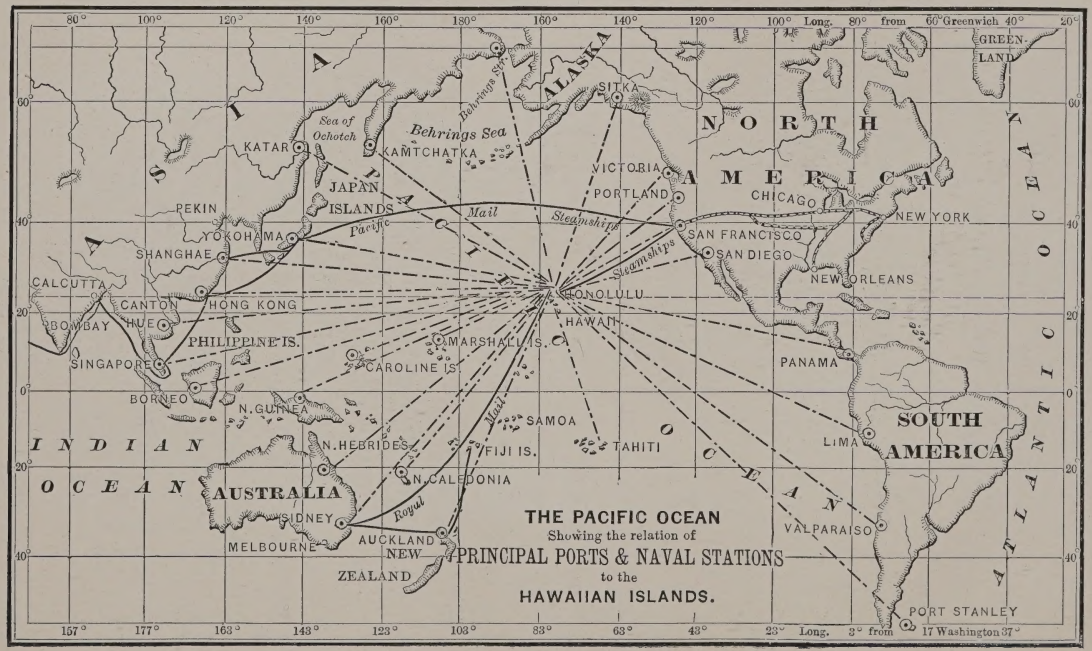
INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

WHILE spending the winter of 1889 and 1890 in Southern California and San Francisco, I was repeatedly asked if I should not visit "the Islands" before going away; and was told that "A run down to the Islands is the thing, you know; everybody goes to the Islands." What islands they referred to I had not the slightest idea, supposing them to be in near proximity to San Francisco, from the familiar way people spoke of "running down" to them, and perhaps the kind of excursion one takes when going from New York to Coney Island.

Being told they were the Sandwich, or Hawaiian Islands as they are now called, in the mid-Pacific Ocean, more than two thousand one hundred miles distant, I was startled at the flippant suggestion of the Occidentals to whom time and space seemed as nothing. To cross the Atlantic had always seemed to me to be a grave undertaking, but here I was seriously advised to pack my satchel and "run down" two thousand miles into the Pacific, as if for a day's outing.

The Sandwich Islands have always been floating about in my mind in a vague, uncertain way, never having been able to quite locate them, any more than I have the heaven I hope some day to reach.

The missionary boxes to which we



THE PACIFIC OCEAN
Showing the relation of
PRINCIPAL PORTS & NAVAL STATIONS
to the
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

used to contribute were the most notable facts connected with them in my memory. Mark Twain's humorous account of his visit, and the appearance of the natives when dressed in the clothing distributed from the boxes, was ludicrous enough, and I had supposed that the same modes and manners were still in vogue, forgetting that twenty or twenty-five years had civilized and Christianized the people who once went about "barefooted to their eyes"; and who smacked their lips over a cannibal feast.

It did not require much urging to induce me to accompany a party of friends who were to sojourn in this "Paradise of the Pacific" for two or three months for health and pleasure.

The subjoined pages have been

transcribed from a journal kept to please my sister; and I have been induced, perhaps unwisely, to print and put them into covers.

If I have succeeded in getting my impressions upon paper, and in preserving for my friends the reminiscences of a delightful trip, I shall be more than satisfied.

Aloha Nui! It is a word of greeting in the Hawaiian tongue; and is used by the islanders to express all the kindly sentiments of the heart. *Aloha* means, I greet you. Aloha Nui is a stronger term. To the many friends I found in that island paradise, and from whom I parted with regret, I dedicate the book with the words:

Aloha Nui.

HELEN MATHER.

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ONE SUMMER IN HAWAII.

CHAPTER I.

THE "AUSTRALIA"—SEA GULLS AND FLYING FISH—THE SOUTHERN CROSS—CONCERT—HONOLULU.

THE Oceanic Company's steamship *Australia* was to sail, or rather steam, at 3 P. M., and close upon the hour we crossed the gangway. My *compagnons du voyage* seemed to have arrived and grouped themselves, and so had the flowers. The saloon was ablaze, the

staterooms redolent with bloom. The gift of flowers is always eloquent, and there is assuredly no more graceful way of speeding a parting friend; but the grace of the compliment may be marred by the profusion, and the meaning lost in the excess of the metaphor, especially when the flowers are expected to make speeches to the public.

The supreme moment awaited us; there were hand-shakes, and kisses, and tear-stained good-bys.

The captain, resplendent in buttons, looked complacently down from his post, the signal was given, the good ship swung from her moorings, with our finger-tips we spoke the last adieus, and steamed slowly down to the golden gateway, past the silent guns of Alcatraz, with the home-crowned heights

on the left, and the hills of Saucelito on the right, and so on and out to the open sea.

Ships are a necessary evil, I suppose. I have a high respect for the men who man and guide them over that restless highway, but I have less respect for the woman who goes with them. One seems to be living in a constant quake: a vicious uncertainty attends you when you rise up and when you sit down; it goes with you to the table, and haunts you after the meal; it lies down with you when you shelve yourself for the night, and, if you are fortunate enough at last to be emptied upon the land, it leaves you for days in a state of semi-intoxication.

Thanks to the pacific mood of the Pacific Ocean, our ship was only a

temporary hospital; discomfort soon gave way to serene indifference.

On the morning of the third day we felt the breath of the tropics, and lounged in lazy comfort. We patronized the doctor, and permitted the purser to invent methods of amusement. We were grown-up children, the inhabitants of a satellite; no longer free moral agents, we were hypnotized by a genial autocrat whom we had no power to resist, and who held us in awe by the responsibility that devolved upon him,—so much living, breathing freight to be cared for,—and yet we liked it. The world we had left was only a memory now. The sound waves of its emotions did not reach us; the morning paper and Mrs. Grundy no longer talked. Who knows but the

disembodied spirits may thus sever the ties of earth and go sailing away on some mighty air-ship to Nirvana.

"The season ripens quickly as we revolve," I said to the doctor.

"Yes," was his reply, "it will soon be time for ducks and dimity. When the Southern Cross comes in sight, fans and ices are in order."

But the almost vertical sun rays brought no discomfort to us. We hugged our chairs in indolence, and watched our fellow-travelers. There was a widow in weeds, o'er young to mourn if not to marry, and her friend, yclept the "dimpled blonde," who had not laid up her treasure in heaven, but left him at home to toil; her *points d'appui* were the dimple and a banjo, and she played both with

admirable *naïveté.* But why not? When the splendid sunset fades, and "the moon takes up her wondrous tale," a harmless flirtation is a sanitary agent; it quickens the circulation, and drives away hypochondria. There were also half a score, or less, of the charming halves of Uncle Sam's sea-folk, going down to be within boat reach of the U. S. S. *Charleston.* The Department in Washington does not encourage these matrimonial reunions, but good wives obey the instincts of their hearts, and the higher law, which says, "What God hath joined together let no Naval Department put assunder."

Seated near us was a wee woman chatting, with a ripple of laughter. I had noticed her the first day out, when,

wrapped in her husband's coat, I had mistaken her for a boy; at table I thought her a girl; and now, in the warm sunshine, she blossomed into a full blown woman. Petite and graceful, she spoke a universal language with her eyes, and only French with her lips. Her husband, a young gentleman of American blood and Hawaiian birth, was *en route*, with his medical diploma and marriage certificate, to his island home. "Isn't she sweet?" I said to my friend. "Short and sweet," growled the doctor.

And so the days, and nights, too, for that matter, flashed by. Our convoy of sea-gulls uttered their garrulous cries, and flapped the wind of their wings in our faces. The dolphins, driven by that mysterious nerve force

which discounts steam, shot past us. The winged fish flew from the jaws of the iron monster, with its deck load of parasites.

"I wonder if they breathe when they plunge into the atmosphere?" said my friend.

"Why not," I replied; "fear has evidently lent them wings, and the law of adaptation, or some other Darwinian canon, may have given them the capacity to breath when they are not expected to.

"There are creatures, not to mention mermaids, which are equally at ease in both elements.

"By the way, that mermaid business of the Germans always seemed to me to be a dismal freak of imagination; a hideous nightmare of sentiment.

"A lovelorn swain poses by the sad seashore, and is lured by a composite being, one end fish and the other angel, 'till at last they go down together to damp discomfort and slime.'

"'Tis the one string of a thousand harps which the Teutonic poets have played."

"The Germans are odd fish," said the purser sententiously; "my father was a German."

As you drop down into the tropics, the nights take on a wondrous charm. The stars seemed rounded into moons and shed their silver radiance on the sea. On such a night we sat and watched the dancers' feet beat time to the music of the *Taropatch* and *Ukelele*. It was wierd and restful, and I retired

to dream of rustling palms and bosky groves.

By an unwritten law, extending back ever so many trips, our last night on shipboard was to be devoted to music. It had been announced; the purser was in an ecstasy of preparation; each possible person had been interviewed and solicited, and, lo, it was found that no soul could strike a responsive chord. The tuneful nine had not taken passage with us. The ecstasy of the purser changed to agony. He declared that there should be a concert, whether there was any music or not. Later in the day it was whispered about that a *cantatrice* had been discovered in the person of a child's nursemaid, who was going to the Islands in that

capacity to escape an unpleasant family feud. She was said to be the daughter of a celebrated opera singer, who had herself appeared in public with distinguished success. An air of mystery lent romance to the situation. We were on the *qui vive.* The purser was jubilant. The hour arrived. In newspaper parlance, the house was packed with the *élite*, etc. The nurse-maid, properly attired, was led forward. A simple air was selected. The chords of the accompaniment were struck. The prima donna essayed, but the flood of melody did not come; in a moment, she was led, weeping, from the saloon.

The whole thing was ludicrous, and yet pathetic. It proved afterward that

the poor girl was an escaped lunatic, who had gone mad on the subject of music.

But we had the concert, and the traditions remained inviolate.

Early on the morning of the seventh day we sighted the Islands.

Molokai was the first that showed its mountain peaks, at the left, above the dark blue water. It is the home of the leper, and I shuddered as I pictured to myself that "valley of the shadow of death," where the dark-winged angel is always flapping his wings.

Then came Oahu on the right, with "Koko-Head," a bold, precipitous mountain rising from its morning bath, bald and bare at the crest, but with leagues of eternal verdure softly covering its bends and sweeping curves.

We rounded "Diamond Head," which, like a brazen fortress, abuts upon the sea. To the right was a line of foam-fringed reefs, and beyond a stretch of gleaming sand, where a single group of sentinel palms seem to be keeping watch and ward; and still beyond, steeples and flagstaffs, and gray roofs embossed with green, and high above all, looking down in its dead magnificence, a crushed volcano, which some inebriated individual had named the "Punch Bowl."

We picked up a pilot, and glided in through the narrow portals to a harbor between the reef and the rim of the land, where the shipping lay serenely, and so on to our moorings, where the water kissed the feet of a town, and this was Honolulu, the capital of the

Island Kingdom, a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

A motley concourse had gathered to greet us: brown natives in their simple, flower-decked garbs, almond-eyed sons of the Flowery Kingdom, diminutive subjects of the Mikado, Portuguese, Germans, Britons, Americans, all coolly clad and cordial. Our officers came forth white and fresh from their sea-chests. We said our adieus, paid our hospital tax, and amid the unwonted bustle took carriages for the hotel.

The streets were festooned and flagged, for it was Decoration Day. A band was "Marching through Georgia" as we passed the palace grounds, where His Majesty was receiving the American admiral and his suite.

The hotel seemed cool and hospitable, and sits in its ample grounds, surrounded by a brood of cottages, covered by trailing vines and masses of foliage; and soon we were resting in the rooms reserved for us, which opened upon broad verandas, whence we looked out upon a wealth of flower and tree of tropical growth.

CHAPTER II.

ISLAND HOMES—TROPICAL FOLIAGE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—THE PALACE.

THE morning dawned, the heaving deep no longer rocked me in its embrace. I heard the innumerable voices of the land, and breathed the balm of a thousand flowers. I still reeled with the after-sensations of the sea, but was content to know that I was stranded upon a rock. Stepping upon the veranda in the cool hush of the morning, I appreciated for the first time the luxuriant repose of the tropics.

The bloom of unwonted flowers, the burnished sheen of the leaves, the lance-

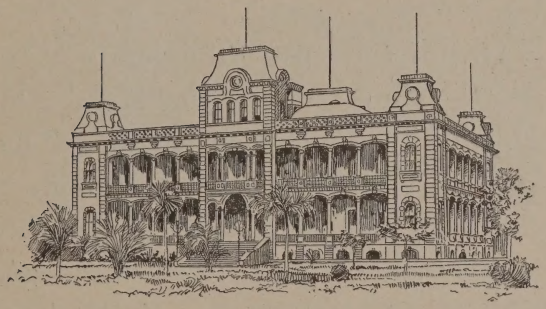
like foliage of the palms, all bespoke a new world.

Before me stood a group of dusky children,—with wonder in their liquid eyes,—timid, fawn-like, and flower decked. They won me at once. I said : if these are heathen, let them remain heathen, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Honolulu presented itself to me as a huge hamlet of homes. The business quarter is simply a place of traffic, devoid of interest, save that which pertains to the people who throng its narrow streets. I had only eyes for the supple, brown-faced men and women, who walked with the grace of the stag, and rode their sorry steeds like centaurs. As we drove through the macadamized tree-fringed streets, on either

hand were one-story houses, winged with verandas, veritable greeneries nestling under two-story trees. I said to my companion, "Christianity has at least reformed the highways and the huts." Peace and comfort seemed to reign. The sword of Damocles does not hang here, I thought. Shade that was shade, sward that was sward, and bloom that was bloom in endless profusion. There are several fine buildings, notably the Government House, with its bronze statue of Kamehameha I., and the Queen's Hospital; this place, in its rare and wonderful setting, is more than a home for the afflicted—it is a thing of beauty, and a well-spring of joy, and the islanders may well be proud of it. The palace of the king, a somewhat stately building, of composite

architecture, built of the volcanic rock of the country, stands in extensive grounds, with well kept lawns, shaded by graceful palms, and many flowering



trees and shrubs that I had never seen before. But even His Majesty, I am told, prefers an adjacent bungalow for his home nest, making use of his palace upon state occasions. Another palatial home is that of Mr. Claus Spreckels, the "Sugar King" of Hawaii. Its white

walls, amid a wealth of tropical foliage, look cool and inviting. The cupola rises above all, a landmark in the distance, while avenues of the date and royal palm wind through the savanna-like lawns.

One of the most attractive of these island homes is that of Mr. F. M. Hatch, situated on the slope of the upland beyond the town. It is built in true Hawaiian style, of one story, with broad *lanai* in front, into which open wide doors from parlor, dining-room, billiard-room, etc. Bud and bloom and leaf impart to the grounds life and brilliancy, while the cocoa-nut, the mango, the banana, the guava, the pineapple, the orange, the papaya fruit, grow and ripen in the golden sunshine.

Here, suspended in a hammock, one

can watch the white-fringed reef, where the long Pacific surges break; can hear the thunder of the waves, which roll in one continuous sweep from far Ind

and Cathay. Below you lies the town in indolent repose. You drink the mellow air and are lulled by the rhythmical vibration of the leaves; you dream with open eyes, and drift on Lethe's fabled tide to the realms of unutterable peace. Is this a pretaste of immortality, or is it the unconscious

life of the "Lotus eater"? You do not know, and you do not care; you have no will to resist it, and so you drift.

The wealth of tree and flower, born of the generous earth and the liquid sunshine, is marvelous.

The Ponsiana Regia, type of royalty, lifts itself to the light, with widespreading branches, its tops crowned with scarlet blossoms of great beauty, out of which spring pom-poms of feathery stamens. Its delicate leaves are like the finer ferns, and, at a distance, are entirely hidden by this flame-colored canopy. Another variety, called the "golden shower," forms a picture of gorgeous color. Its huge clusters envelop the tree as with a mantle of gold. In this genial clime, the olean-

der waxes out of the realm of shrubhood, and displays its parti-colored flowers from overhanging branches. But sweetest of the sweet, and fairest of the fair, is the feathery algeroba. Its delicate sprays shed a soft dreamy glow, which forms, with the dark leaves of the hibiscus, a symphonious wave of color. Another of the sylvan wonders is the "monkey pod," which folds its leaves in the afternoon and takes a quiet *siesta* in the soft air. Its fuzzy pink flower hides itself in a pod at maturity, and goes to seed in a graceful way. But I must have done with flower and tree, and yet they overwhelm me with delight. I shall always picture Paradise hereafter as an umbrageous island.

CHAPTER III.

A MOONLIGHT DRIVE TO WAIKIKI—SOCIAL HONOLULU—AN UNCONVENTIONAL BANQUET.

A MOONLIGHT drive to Waikiki.* Shall I ever forget it? It was fancy run riot; hour for Cupid's darts, if I had only been in the business. Sentiment reigned, and we heard the hoof-beats of the winged horse. As we bowled down the broad avenue, white walls gleamed amid the shadows, and white rays glinted through the leaves. I caught the ripple of laughter from the *lanais*, and the strains of music from

* The seaside resort of Honolulu. Its Long Branch; its Newport; its Trouville.

invisible hands. My nostrils were filled with the perfume of flowers, and I inhaled the odor to my finger tips. On for three miles or more, and ocean, in all its glorious majesty, burst upon our sight. A bar of molten silver from the pallid moon lay upon its surface; the billows thundered on the distant reef, and died; while, nearer to us, the spent waves were sobbing on the sands. Behind the everlasting mountains was a ghostly procession of clouds, which were stealing in from the windward; and over all the blue vault, studded with tranquil stars. In such a presence, words were sacrilege; we could but look and listen.

I dropped from the seventh heaven into the courtyard of the seaside hotel. The open windows revealed arm-en-

circled forms whirling in the mazy dance, "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again." I knew it was not far off; when you scent the perfume of the rose, the flower is near at hand.

In another vague, indistinct, apple-bearing paradise two lovers set the example, and there have been Adams and Eves ever since, and that other fellow is always in the cast. Why Omnipresence and Omniscience and Omnipotence should not relegate him to his proper sphere is not given for us to know. We are expected to say "get thee behind me," but still he goes about seeking, and, alas, sometimes finds.

I even fancy, in these sensational days, that my morning paper smells of brimstone.

We were presented to one of the

charming society belles of Honolulu, who was thus, for the nonce, entertaining her friends. I heard pleasant greetings, and saw winning smiles. It was civilization at high tide; it was more; it was grace, refinement, and culture transplanted to this remote corner of heathendom; exotic it might be, but it had waxed and developed under the genial influences of nature until it had become *sui generis*. The scene was well-nigh Oriental; colored lights shimmered amid the branches of the trees. The native musicians gave us selections from Strauss and Waldteufel on their stringed instruments, and in the interludes sang native songs which entranced us with their wild and wierd refrains.

Glad maidens in gauze gowns, and gay cavaliers in blue coats and brass

buttons, wandered about the grounds and down by the sea, while the leaves sighed, and the mortals laughed. It

was a page cut from the "Arabian Nights."

Nor were we vitalized alone by moonlight and music. In due time we sat

us down to an unconventional banquet, served with true Hawaiian hospitality. Delmonico would have given us more fuss and French phrases, but he could not have duplicated the menu. In a land where sea and earth are so profuse; where you can pluck a pineapple with one hand and a banana with the other; where salads grow on trees, and strawberries ripen every day in the year, you are freely regaled with viands which would cost a king's ransom elsewhere.

Reluctantly we tore ourselves away from this "Midsummer Night's Dream," and hastened homeward, hiding in heart and brain an enchanting picture.

CHAPTER IV.

A DAY AT PEARL HARBOR—TARO PATCHES—PIO FACTORIES—THE "LANAI"—SHARKS.

A LETTER of introduction may be a golden key to a wayfarer; an "open sesame," not to the robbers' dungeon but to the Holy of Holies. Such a talismanic missive I had presented; and found upon my return to the hotel an invitation to spend a day with a well-known resident of Honolulu, and his family, at their country cottage at Pearl Harbor. At the little railway station, with the admiral from the flagship *Charleston* and two

of his staff, the French Consul, and other guests, we joined the family party, consisting of the doctor, his wife, daughter, and two sons, the eldest of whom, with his wee French wife, had been our *compagnons du voyage.*

It delighted me to find that the lines of "La Petite" had been cast in such pleasant places. Affection had brought to her its boon of compensation.

Skirting the sea, with mist-crowned mountains on the right, we passed through a pleasant foot-hill country, dotted with rice fields and *taro*, properly *karo*, patches. The cultivation and preparation of this, the staple food of the natives, is peculiar. The ground for its cultivation is made ready by heaping the earth into hil-

locks, around which the water flows. The plants, when growing upon these miniature islands, resemble water-lily pads.

The beet-like roots, when matured, are harvested, and then boiled until soft enough to permit the easy removal of the tough, fibrous skin ; then the succulent tubers, hot and smoking, are placed in large wooden bowls and beaten with heavy stone pestles until the mass is of the consistency of dough. At this stage of the process it is *pai-ai ;* afterward, diluted with water, it is left to ferment for a few days until sour, when it becomes *poi,* and it is fit for the feast.

Seated in fraternal conclave, around a calabash of poi, the natives dip their fingers into the glutinous mass, and

NATIVES AND NATIVE HUT.

convey it to their mouths with evident relish ; but then, fingers were made before forks, and I have vivid recollections of trying similar methods with my mother's jam pots.

In matters of diet, custom covers a multitude of inconsistencies. We make exclamation points with our noses at the mention of poi, and yet we take limburger cheese to our stomach with delight. We have a feeling akin to disgust when told that the natives cut slices from a delicate little fish, season and eat them without being cooked ; and yet we open the two valves of an oyster and swallow the delicious morsel, bones and all.

Poi factories were numerous, and the odor they exhaled was not the perfume of the rose. "I wonder if it is con-

tagious," said my friend, *sotto voce*, with an evident fear of the leper settlement in her mind. The miles of poi which I inhaled in thirty minutes will last me for a lifetime.

The rice plantations are mostly cul-

tivated by the Chinese, aided and abetted by slow-moving oxen, which drag the plows across the sodden fields.

I was forcibly reminded that in Hawaii the demarkations of the seasons are simply imaginary lines drawn

across the year, when I saw in some places young rice plants just peeping from the bath, and in others the ripened stalks nodding in the breeze, and waiting for the harvest.

Ten miles of pleasant chat, and we left the car of the toy railway, and were ushered into the country home of our host. Here he picnics with his friends, literally, beneath his own vine and fig tree.

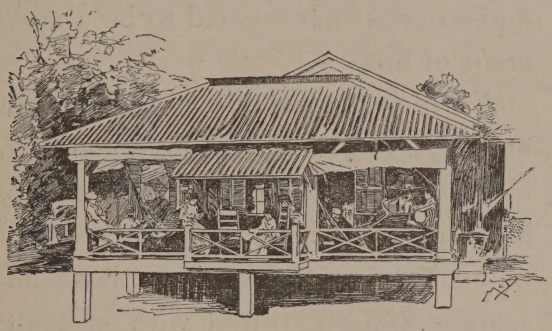
I suppose one might tire, in time, of the tropical profusion of flower, tree, and fruit; but the new sensation was still upon me; and I found constant delight in the long lances of the palms; in that vegetable wonder, the banana, which is a tree without a trunk, only leaves of abnormal growth, and the stems of leaves; in the pineapple,

which springs from the earth like an aloe, its stem crowned by a cone—not a fruit, but a ripened flower, luscious and succulent; in the mango, with its leathery leaves and orange colored fruit; and in the thousand and one hot air plants and flowers. I am sure it would require years of this life to banish the wonder from my eyes.

From the open windows of the *lanai* I looked out upon this wealth of foliage, flanked by cultivated fields; on one hand the ocean, on the other the mountains, and before me the shining surface of Pearl River, which is no river at all, only a rift in the land which the sea has found and filled.

By far the most attractive feature of a Hawaiian house is the lanai. It is a large apartment, so constructed that

its front and sides can be thrown open to the air. As all roads were said to lead to Rome, so all hallways lead to the lanai. Here you lounge in the



morning, and laze in the afternoon. It is *par excellence* the social realm, dear alike to old and young.

"In the lanai," said my host, "we take no note of the lapse of time."

"And where you seem almost to live without being conscious of life," I replied.

"Sharks!" was the cry which startled us, followed by a convulsive tremor of excitement as we hastened to the bank of the estuary, and there we saw, in mid-stream, what seemed to be a movement of fins.

A Chinese servant was hastily summoned, and directed to go at once and interview the sea-wolves. We watched him with some trepidation, as he slowly undid the fastenings of the boat, and, seating himself, rowed with measured strokes to the place of disturbance. He rested upon his oars for a moment, then turned and came back in the same deliberate way, and mounting the bank he stood before us, immobile as a statue of fatalism, and reported, in five words, "No sharky; leafy, no more"; and so our shark episode was

nipped in the bud, or rather in the leaf.

At "tiffin," as the East Indians call their mid-day meal, we were served, much to my astonishment, with oysters fresh from the Chesapeake; by what device of legerdemain they reached us is more than I can divine, unless they came, as the barnacles come, attached to the hull of some Baltimore clipper.

In the wane of the afternoon we were asked to group ourselves, and the daughter of our host brought her camera to bear upon us, and thus I have until now a pleasing memento of this cottage home by the water side.

CHAPTER V.

RECEPTION AT THE HOME OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER—BREAKFAST ON BOARD THE FLAGSHIP "CHARLESTON."

We came to breathe the balmy air, and to see the wonders of this island world, and lo! we have fallen into a social vortex not unlike the carnival of fashion in olden capitals. The festivities and feasts of to-day are not the festivities and feasts of a hundred years ago.

When we, of another race, are inclined to vaunt ourselves, we should remember that we are not what our rude forefathers were.

The long and short of history is simply this—birth, development, death, and decay. I have no patience with the narrow prejudice which would carp and sneer at conditions which it has neither the intelligence to understand, nor the honesty to interpret.

There is much in the native race to admire, and I am glad of this opportunity to say so. They are simple, honest, generous, proud, and hospitable. They love music and flowers and color, and these qualities, when fully developed, mean high civilization. Upon the American Continent, the Aztec race, akin to this, was blotted out by greed and fanaticism. It should be the missionary work of the world to foster and preserve this gentle people.

It is pathetic to think that a little

more than one hundred years ago there were four hundred thousand of them, and to-day there are scarcely forty thousand. Between the upper and the nether millstone they are being ground to dust. We send out moral physicians to inoculate against minor vices, and yet, in the interest of commerce, we permit dynasties and people to be destroyed.

A reception at the home of the American Minister was the next on my list of engagements. It was a card reception, during which the native band, alternating with that of the *Charleston*, discoursed really good music.

The house was decorated with flags, ferns, and palms. The American Minister and his wife, with their two in-

teresting daughters, received cordially and gracefully, and made us feel at home under their hospitable roof.

It is a comfort to find that one's country is well represented abroad. It seems to add to one's importance; there is a sense of security in it; you feel that the eye of your Government is upon you, and that its protecting hand is over you; more especially when the guns of a man-of-war, flying your country's flag, are showing their teeth in adjacent waters. Not that I had the least feeling of trepidation in dear little Hawaii—only a wee bit of justifiable pride.

The beginning of the second week of my stay brought cards for a breakfast to be given on board the *Charleston.*

At the appointed hour the ship's launch awaited the party at the wharf, and a few minutes later we reached the cruiser's side.

The admiral and the captain re-

ceived us at the gangway, and escorted us to the library and saloon, after which we inspected the wonderful guns; heard of their great capacity to kill; were shown the complicated machinery for guiding and propelling the huge monster, as well as the modern improvements for comfort; electric appliances and labor-saving machines.

When I looked at the gracious gen-

tleman who explained these methods of dealing death and destruction, I could not resist asking, "Is war, then, indeed a necessity?"

He replied jocosely, "To us, yes, because thereby we get promotion and increased pay. All this, however, is in the interest of peace—a preventive, not an incentive. The instinct to kill is universal, but it is none the less cruel. We pet a bird behind the bars, and kill its brother in the forest. We eat the meat, but do not care to look at the shambles. If we were consistent in all things, Paradise might open its gates too soon for us, you know, and we should miss half the sensations of life."

The ship was connected by telephone wires with the town, a novel conven-

ience to both ship folk and town folk.

After all had been explained and admired, breakfast was announced. Covers for fourteen had been laid in cabins, which, thrown into one, formed a spacious dining-room, inlaid with hard woods and finely and substantially finished. As we sat at the table the band on the forward deck gave us some fine music. The details of the menu have gone from my memory, but I have a vivid remembrance that it was all delightful. What you eat and drink does not alone constitute a repast; the eyes and the ears are important factors in a feast.

As we left the table, my attention was called to an immense punch-bowl which graced the buffet, a gift to the

ship by the city of Charleston. It is an exquisite piece of workmanship in solid silver, and is proof that this Southern city is loyal to its country's flag, and proud of its own historic name.

CHAPTER VI.

PUBLIC CONCERTS—THE BIRDS OF THE ISLAND—WAILAI—HIBISCUS HEDGES.

THE concerts in the public parks of Honolulu are a constant source of enjoyment. I never tire of the native singing, such a weird strain seems to run through the music. It is full of pathos to the ear, but whether the sentiment accords with the suggestion of sadness, I sometimes doubt.

Nothing could be more enticing than a stroll through the avenues of "Thomas Square" on a moonlight night. The stately palms made fantastic silhouettes against the sky, re-

THOMAS SQUARE,

lieved by the waving plumes of the tree-fern. It is the world of nature, not of art.

Here eternal summer has hung her rosaries ; bright-hued, sun-fed flowers send out their odors on the still night air, filling all the space with delicate perfume, while the arch of heaven is aglow with countless stars.

Under trees, reclining on the grass, or sitting on benches which line the walks, are numerous listeners, who drink in the melody with unalloyed delight, breaking into hand-clapping when some favorite air is rendered. The interludes are filled with the hum of voices and the ripple of laughter.

Laughter and tears are the primal expressions of humanity—universal,

significant, and eloquent. As I looked and listened, I said:

"Is this romance or reality? It is indeed fairyland; can the missionaries have been magicians?"

"Hardly," replied my friend. "They came in a spirit of self-sacrifice; lashed by a pitiless conscience, with Puritan eyes, seeing sin everywhere, and nature draped in mourning; but I think the heathen have converted them, and they are now having a foretaste of heaven."

"Yes," I answered, "I would not detract from the good they have done; but all faith, nowadays, seems to be richer and happier. It is no longer wicked to reverence God in his works."

In my drives about the island I have seen few varieties of birds. You can

hear the babble of brooks, the rustle of leaves, the patter of rain, the thunder of the surf, but no thrushes sing in the thicket, and no lark notes sound in the air.

The universal sparrow is found, as persistent and pugnacious as elsewhere, but he neither delights us with his plumage, nor charms us with his voice. His sole occupation seems to be to seek for food, and scold.

The most numerous birds, perhaps, are the mynahs; whether they are indigenous or not, I am unable to state; they are about the size of our robins and have pretty blue heads, and wings tipped with white.

The cooing of the dove, elsewhere so gentle, is here a rasping sound, be-

tween the crowing of the cock, and the monotonous wailing of the pea-hen. I am sure the Hawaiian poets never regard them as types of domestic felicity. In Cupid's domain, a sweet voice is absolutely essential. It was long after my arrival before I discovered the disturbers of my morning dreams; beginning, as they do, at daybreak, they seem to grate out in a most dreary, disconsolate tone, the words, *co-co-aine, co-co-aine; good, good.* I thought, at first, they were the natives employed by the manufacturer of some kind of hair grease to advertise his nostrum. I dreamed one morning that I had bought out the vender, with a pledge to import no more, but awoke to find the traffic still going on. When told that the doves were in the business, I

concluded that the supply of *co-co-aine* could not be exhausted.

And so the days waxed and waned in Hawaii. When we were not dreaming in the lanai, we drove in the open air. It was delicious to bathe in the sunshine, and drink the breath of the flowers. Nature spreads her feasts unsparingly, and I took my fill. I know of no spot where the wayworn and weary can find such perfect rest; a "peace which passeth understanding" seems to abound.

One of my favorite drives was to Wailai; it should be named Acacia Avenue. The roadway has been cut for seven miles through a natural growth of these beautiful trees. The young shrubs, overtopped by those of larger growth, form a perfect hedge, bespan-

gled with golden balls. It abuts directly upon the ocean, where the waves of blue chase each other up the silvery sands. Speaking of hedges, I would

that I could picture the beautiful hibiscus shrub, cultivated for that purpose, and which forms one of the most attractive features of the insular homes. Its scarlet blossom glows amid the dark green of the leaves, and is as large as a hollyhock. A specimen of the coral

hibiscus sent me, hung like a bell from its slender stalks, its stamen tipped with a fleecy ball, and its petals in form and hue not unlike that gorgeous flower of the ocean.

If these islands were not the veritable Eden, they might have been; and I am thereby reminded of the apple, of which fruit there is only one variety in Hawaii, and that is a rose-tinted, rose-scented little affair, just the kind to tempt a woman, for I ate one myself.

If there were forbidden fruits in that other Eden, there are none in this. Grapes hang from the vines in profusion, bananas are found in countless bunches, mangoes that no man can number, while pineapples scent the air in every direction. There are no cher-

ries, neither pears, except the alligator pear, and that is no pear at all! Permit, me, however, to commend it as a salad.

CHAPTER VII.

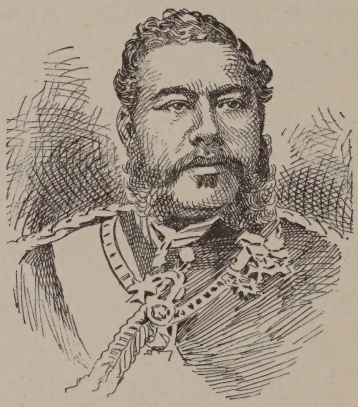
KING KALAKAUA AND THE QUEEN—A BALL AT IOLANI PALACE—THE HAWAIIAN BAND.

In Hawaii there is one king to every sixty thousand inhabitants; but he is none the less a king for all that, and the pomp and circumstance which attend royalty are as marked and significant as elsewhere.

I am by instinct and education a republican, and I believe that to be the highest form of government; but I am not prepared to say that kingcraft is not necessary to certain races and conditions. At all events, I have a profound respect for a man, be he

king or peasant, who faithfully performs the duties that devolve upon him.

His Majesty, the King of Hawaii, is



certainly entitled to this meed of praise, that he loves his own people, and has an intense desire for their welfare; and that he fills his difficult position with great tact and intelligence.

An envelope bearing the king's seal did not overwhelm me, although I was pleased to find that it contained an invitation to a grand ball, to be given at the palace, in honor of the admiral and officers of the United States Flagship *Charleston.*

It would be strange if the feminine mind was not slightly perturbed under such circumstances.

The exact wherewithal to make one's self acceptable in the eyes of a king is a matter of grave import.

I sought through my trunks for my best gown, and, having settled that question to my satisfaction, I turned my attention to points of court etiquette. I found we were to be at the palace promptly at nine o'clock, so at that hour, duly escorted, I arrived in

front of the palace, which was beautifully decorated and illuminated for the occasion.

Throngs of carriages were wending their way through the palace grounds, and after some minutes' delay we ascended the broad steps leading to the front entrance. We were shown by native servants, in the king's livery, to our dressing-rooms; and then all assembled in the grand rotunda to await the opening of the doors to the throne room. About eight hundred guests had arrived, when the doors were thrown open, and all marched two by two into a large apartment, hung with crimson and gold. The floor was polished and the hall brilliantly lighted with electricity.

The throne at the farther end was a

raised dais, canopied with crimson plush; beneath which were seated their majesties. The admiral and his officers had already been presented, and were ranged to the left of the throne; while the Princess Liliuokaulani, the king's sister, with other members of the royal household, were at the right.

It was a rare sight, and as we filed past, and made our best dancing school bows before their majesties, we felt that we had not altogether lived in vain.

The king is a notable man physically: tall, and of fine proportions, quite dark, with hair inclined to curl, and wears side-whiskers and mustache. He stands erect, and carries himself with true kingly dignity. His breast

blazed with decorations presented to him by European sovereigns.

The queen is of medium height, and rather stout. She has a pleasant,

kindly face, and was dressed becomingly in rose silk, draped with rare white lace. It was made *en train* and *décolleté*, while over her bare arms, at the shoulders, hung many beautiful decorations.

After the presentations were over, the Hawaiian band of forty members, stationed just outside the throne room, struck up a waltz, and soon the room was a kaleidoscope of whirling forms. The gay costumes of the ladies, mingling with the bright uniforms of the officers of the men-of-war, several of which were in the harbor, made the scene a brilliant one, such as would compare favorably with the courts of continental Europe.

We walked through the different apartments; lovely flowers exhaled perfume on every side, while innumerable wax candles shed a soft light in rooms where the more dazzling effect of electricity would have seemed vulgar. All appeared in such good taste, that one could scarcely believe that within

two generations the forefathers of these reigning sovereigns had been regarded as savages, living in grass huts, eating raw fish, worshiping idols, and ignorant of our much vaunted civilization.

The supper, spread in the grand dining-hall, showed skill and taste in every detail. Rare flowers from the palace conservatory and grounds lent their sweet presence to enhance the attractiveness of the table. Immense silver candelabra with colored candles were at either end, while a ship, composed of delicate flowers, occupied the center.

When supper was announced the king and queen walked in, and were seated near the center, with especially honored guests placed on their right, while at their left strangers were given

the preference. I had the honor of drinking their majesties' healths in the choicest sparkling wines of France, within a few feet of the royal party.

Colonel Macfarlane, the king's chamberlain, was master of ceremonies, and did everything to make the evening a happy one. All the important personages were pointed out, and as most of the society people of Honolulu were present, a rare opportunity was offered of seeing them at their best. I returned to the hotel at about two o'clock, well pleased with my first ball in a real live king's palace.

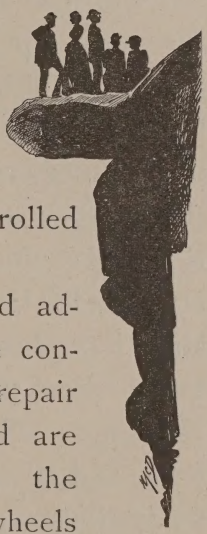
CHAPTER VIII.

THE PALI—QUEEN EMMA'S PALACE—MAUSOLEUM OF KINGS AND QUEENS OF HAWAII—GORGEOUS VIEW FROM THE PALI.

THE environs of Honolulu are marvelously attractive : on the one hand the great swell of the blue Pacific bursting forever upon the glittering sands ; on the other, volcanic peaks, baldheaded and mist-crowned, where the winds and the sun distil the rains which feed the streams and fertilize the land. The earth responds, and eternal summer riots in eternal vegetation.

There are placid dells hidden in the

embrace of the mountains, and soft green savannas sprinkled with groves, and unplanted gardens of broad-leaved plants and feathery palms, and upland slopes where the world of sea and land is unrolled below.



The highways in and adjacent to the town are constructed and kept in repair by the government, and are certainly a credit to the powers that be. One wheels over them as over the roadways of a well kept park.

The Pali (or precipice), like the Yosemite, is one of the twenty wonders of

the world. My visit there was a "red letter day" to me.

The broad avenue which leads from the town up the Nuuanu Valley is flanked on either side by beautiful cottages and ornamental grounds and gardens, interspersed here and there with the humbler homes of the natives. But thatched roofs and humble surroundings are no indication of poverty as we understand it. Hawaii is the one place in the world where the poor man is as rich as the king. Where Nature spreads the feast, and all are invited, there can be no destitution; and without destitution there can be no poverty.

As we drove along under the overarching trees, the summer palace of Queen Emma was pointed out to me. It is surrounded by extensive grounds,

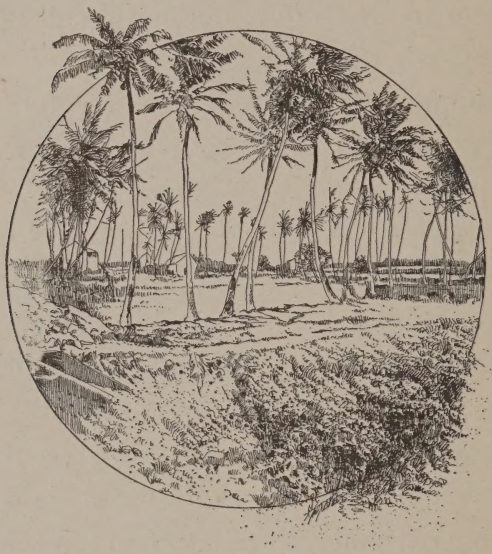
NUUANU AVENUE.

planted with every variety of tropical tree and shrub. In fact, these people seem to dwell in a perennial conservatory, where the sun filters in a soft and subdued way through the graceful foliage, and where the timely clouds weep to freshen and refreshen.

We passed the wonderful bread fruit tree, the huge-leaved banana, the graceful bamboo, the stately palm, the monkey pod, the candle nut, the alligator pear, and that gem of tropical vegetation the papaya, the stem of which shoots upward to a height of from fifteen to thirty feet; its fruit clusters beneath its crown of immense fig-shaped leaves, and is in form and size not unlike a muskmelon.

Ah Fong, a wealthy and highly respected Chinese merchant, has the

finest garden on the avenue. It is a labyrinth of luxury and beauty. The



fences and walls are covered with climbing vines, while hedges of the scarlet hibiscus make even his vegetable patch a garden of delight.

Ah Fong married a native woman,

by whom he has eighteen children, all of whom are highly educated; and two or three of his daughters have married into English and American families.

The Portuguese cultivate numerous fields along the drive, where they raise for the market melons, pineapples, sweet potatoes, strawberries, as well as our own familiar peas, carrots, beans, squash, etc.

We passed the Mausoleum, a sort of Gothic chapel of gray stone, where are buried the kings, queens, and high chiefs of Hawaii, from the first Kamehameha to members of the present royal family; with the sole exception of Lunalilo, whose remains lie in a beautiful tomb of Gothic architecture, near the native church in the city. Two tall *kahili* were planted on either side of the

entrance; wind-swept and rain-beaten, they were keeping watch and ward until "the next who dies."

These kahili are the emblems of royalty, and are placed there after the burial of any member of the royal family, and remain until another death occurs, when they are exchanged for new ones. They are made of beautiful feathers of all colors, mounted upon long staves, inlaid with shell and ivory.

At the funeral of the last king, seventy-six kahili were carried in the procession by the retainers of the chiefs' families.

From this resting place of the dead, the dwellings become more scattered; the glossy, redundant vegetation ceased; and we wound upward through

a perfect sea of greensward, kept fresh and moist by the showers that fall nearly every day in the year at this height.

The valley, inclosed by precipitous cliffs, was an almost impenetrable mass of tree, shrub, fern, vine, and the wild lantana. This shrub grows here, as everywhere upon the island, in wild luxuriance. The plant we cultivate so tenderly in our greenhouses is a nuisance here. Once rooted it is very difficult to exterminate. The flowers are parti-colored, some shaded from deep-set crimson to palest pink, others from dark brown to light yellow, and still others from dark purple to pale mauve. They are pleasing to the eye, but exhale an odor which is anything but agreeable.

From the wrinkled side of the mountains, little cloud-born streams were gushing seaward; now dashing over the rocks, now hiding 'neath banks of ferns, and anon, wedding each other, they went rippling downward

In liquid music to the summer sea.

After climbing for three miles through this land of elfs and fairies, we came upon a gash in the rocks, and the gorgeous view from the pali burst upon us.

Leaving the carriage and walking to the edge of the precipice, a scene spread itself before me which almost baffles description. I stood on the rim of the rock, one thousand feet above the green meadows below. Gray walls rose three thousand feet

above my head and terminated in broken pinnacles, which showed their fantastic forms against the sky,

> Huge rounded domes, vast cloud-capt spires,
> Congealed and molded into grand repose.

Afar, the mighty billows of the Pacific swept shoreward; and nearer was the line of the coral reef, white with the surf; and nearer still, the gleaming crescent of sand; while from ocean to mountain wall was one unbroken stretch of emerald meadow. It was a visible poem—grand, solemn, changeless.

A steep bridal path has been cut in the side of the mountain, down which we walked for some distance to where a stream of cool water trickles into a natural basin of stone. Here a group

of native men and women were resting to slake their thirst. They smiled and bowed to us politely, and when I said "Aloha" their faces brightened, and they returned the greeting with an affectionate glitter in their eyes.

As we climbed the path upon our return, we met two almond-eyed children of the "Flowery Kingdom," a man and a woman. Their neat attire, and the small feet of the woman, which had been compressed until only the toes were left, indicated that they were of the better class. The remainder of her feet were shod in a gaudy pair of Chinese shoes with marshmallow soles, and she hobbled along in a painful, ludicrous way, clinging to the wall of rock on one side, and to the man's hand on the other. I said, thinking of

THE FALL.

her feet, "Very bad to walk." She replied, as she slid past, "No belly good; too muchee down hill."

According to tradition the pali was once the scene of an awful tragedy. When Kamehameha the First, or "The Terrible," as he was called, fought the Chief of Oahu for the possession of this island, a desperate battle took place in the valley. Kamehameha having vanquished the enemy, drove them to the brink of this precipice like a flock of sheep, pushing them over by hundreds to the plain below, where their bodies lay in heaps, and their bones bleached in the sun, until kind nature covered them with a sweet mantle of green.

The climbing vines thus fertilized creep up the lower buttresses of the

precipice, and hang in feathery masses from projecting ledges, where they sigh in the gentle breeze a sad requiem. The ridge of the perpendicular rocks stretches far away to the north, and presents a line of seeming castles, mosques, turrets, domes, spires, and pinnacles against the sky.

The day we had chosen was propitious, and the rain, which we had reason to expect, for once broke its record. The hurricane that often whistles about one's ears settled down to a gentle breeze. The little streams, that are sometimes blown to fragments by the force of the wind, came down naturally and gracefully, while the mists, which obscure the summits of the mountains nearly every day in the year, floated

aloft, and kissed the earth only with their shadows.

The wonders I had seen during the day fairly oppressed me. To a gentleman who called in the evening I unburdened myself. He smiled as I said, "I should be fully repaid for my visit to Hawaii if I carried nothing away with me but the pictures I have this day seen."

He replied: "I don't wonder at your enthusiasm; the pali is indeed a revelation. It is a page of inspiration which destroys doubt, and fixes our faith in Divinity. I once knew two visitors, however, who returned from the trip with rancor in their hearts, and displeasure in their eyes. Like yourself, they were ladies, and staying at this very hotel. Much-traveled ladies, and

accustomed to hear French spoken in all foreign countries, so, when told that the pali was one of the places to visit, they concluded that it was the palace. Having been invited to a reception at the palace, they directed the clerk to order a carriage as they were going to the pali in the evening. His face wore an expression of wonder, but as the day was bright, and the moon at her zenith, he concluded that it was a bit of sentiment, and did not presume to question their wishes. The evening arrived, and so did the carriage. Alas! the glory of the morning had given place to the gloom of night, and the rain was falling in torrents. The ladies came down in full dress, but well wrapped for the occasion; as the clerk handed them to the carriage, he re-

marked, 'I fear you will have an unpleasant drive.' 'Oh, no,' was the answer, 'we have determined to go, and it does not matter.' The coachman had received his instructions, and away they went, through the streets, and up the valley. The drive seemed interminable, and at last the ladies halted the driver, and said, 'Do you know where you are going?' 'Bedad, I do; it's to the pali, and I've been there often.' Settling themselves back in their seats they concluded that it was to some country-place of his Majesty's that they had been invited.

"They were now well in the open country. An hour or more had elapsed, the roadway was steep and rough, and the rain was still falling. By this time the ladies had forgotten their

French, and in their anxiety and vexation they said to the driver, 'Where is the palace?' 'Palace, begorra,' he said, ''tis not the palace at all, at all; it's the pali, and there it is.'

"And after this there was nothing to be done but to turn about and retrace their steps. But the ladies were forced to descend in the mire and rain while the driver accomplished the feat; and so, at length, wet and bedraggled, they arrived at the palace at an hour when many of the guests were departing, and those who remained wondering at the unseasonable arrival. With sore hearts, they awoke next morning to find that their adventure had become the town talk."

Moral: Do not speak French in Hawaii.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TELEPHONE SYSTEM—BIRDIE—THE PALMS—THE CLIMATE—BASE BALL.

THE sun had been awake for hours when I made my toilet the next morning; even the croaking of the doves had not disturbed me. I must have been over-weary with the colossal spectacle of the day before. I said to the servant who answered my summons, "I will have my breakfast here; and send me 'Birdie,' if you please."

Now "Birdie," without explanation, might mean anything, from a fairy in pinafore to an Australian cockatoo; but it was neither—only a bell-boy, a

quaint bit of Oriental humanity, scarcely ten years of age, with sharp, almond-shaped eyes, and an incipient queue, who seemed to do the entire business of the house with a skip and a smile. When his little figure darkened the doorway, I said, "Birdie, I want you to telephone to Mrs. 307. Give her my compliments and say that I do not feel quite equal to the proposed drive to-day; and that I will see her later and explain."

This talking toy is both a convenience and a nuisance. There are two companies in Honolulu, with twelve hundred instruments in place. Nearly every house can be communicated with. You fairly live and move beneath a network of wires. The shop, the market, the doctor, the dentist, the

undertaker, all respond to this long-distance talk, and no small amount of gossip wings its way over the sensitive wires.

Even the fault-finding tourist must concede that the "Royal Hawaiian Hotel" is a pleasant home for strangers. It is the center of social life. The heart of Honolulu beats upon its balconies. Screened by its overhanging boughs, it is a veritable *rus in urbe.*

I must be pardoned for reverting

constantly to this tree theme; but the tropical foliage fascinates and haunts me. The palms will ever be a picture and a poem to me. They seem, as some have said of Heine's songs,

> Endless, delicate variations on the old, old theme—the desire for what is not.

Each stem shoots into the air like a wish, and the lance-like leaves seem to drop earthward, with a sigh after the unattainable. They have all the restlessness of unsatisfied desire as well. Their branches are forever throbbing, even when there is no air astir; and their sentient leaves seem to shiver and grow pale when the days are cool.

The climate has been a revelation to me. I feared, from what I had heard and read, that the melting mood would

describe my condition most of the time, and that even my enthusiasm would ooze out. I came prepared to float about in gauze, and have thus floated, or rather flitted, but have felt no inconvenience from heat; nor have there been those sudden changes which render our northern climate so trying. The temperature has maintained an even tenor, scarcely varying more than five degrees during the whole time of my sojourn. And even when nightfall tumbles down from the zenith, and twilight steals upon us with its shifting shades of color, we are wooed out of doors, to sit unharmed beneath the splendid constellation of the Hawaiian night.

I used to think in Egypt that the stars looked down with unblinking

solemnity upon the desolation of the dead centuries; but here they come forth in countless numbers and glow with the calm serenity of young moons.

If the world were perfect, it might be tame, you know. Someone has wittily said that "that man would be a great public benefactor who would invent a new vice." If there was nothing in Hawaii to try the temper, and remind us that we are mortal, and consequently weak, life might become stagnant. Even as I write, I lift my fan to brush away a mosquito; they are the quiet, genteel sort, however, that nip you if you are not on the alert, but do not sing and make themselves disagreeable after they have done their sanguinary work.

I have heard traditions of centi-

pedes, and scorpions, and tarantulas, but the only ones I have seen are preserved in alcohol.

Some dark browed St. Patrick must have had a mission here of old, for there are no snakes or toads in Hawaii. Residents say that everything noxious and disagreeable found in these islands is a gift from abroad. They even assert that the mosquitoes were brought here in an old hulk from France.

Life at Honolulu seems to be an easy, pleasure-seeking sort of existence. Its people are given to all kinds of recreation. *Lauaus*, or native feasts in the open air, teas, receptions, breakfasts, luncheons, musicals, balls, and excursions strike one as the principal business of life.

A goodly number of the war ships of foreign nations ride at anchor in the bay, and the officers, when not on duty, devote themselves to the ladies. They entertain right royally, too, as I myself can attest.

Saturday afternoons are given up to base ball, played by gentlemen teams, composed of residents of Honolulu. All the island world goes to the grounds, where in carriages, or on the grand stand, they witness the sport. It is a gay scene, and if one cares nothing for the game itself, there is ample compensation in the freedom and the fun.

Many of the young ladies, with their escorts, go out on horseback; some ride astride in the native fashion, and others in the one-sided way. I

FERNS ON THE ROAD TO THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.

have seen finer steeds, but never more fearless riders.

On one occasion, a young girl wheeled her horse quite up to our carriage, and suddenly stopped, but the animal, not liking to be curbed in his wild career, stood upon his haunches and pawed the air; I screamed with fright, but am inclined to think the young miss enjoyed it, and took this method to salute us; at all events she dipped her colors gracefully, and, with her horse well in hand, rode gayly off.

CHAPTER X.

PRESENTATION AT COURT—SAILING OF THE "AUSTRALIA"—FLOWER-DECKED PASSENGERS.

On the evening of the next day after we made our excursion to the pali, his Majesty's Chamberlain called to inform us that a presentation had been arranged for the next morning at the palace, for a party consisting of Count So-and-so, and Prince Somebody, and other untitled lords and ladies, including Mrs. R. and myself.

Our presentation was to take place at eleven o'clock. At a few moments before the hour we drove to the palace

and were received by the vice-chamberlain in the grand hall. There we registered our names in the visitors' book, and were shown into the "blue room."

A few moments elapsed before his Majesty entered, which we employed in examining the furniture, works of art, portraits, busts, and bric-a-brac of the apartment.

A life-size portrait of Louis Philippe of France was at the left of the entrance. This had been presented to King Kamehameha the Third, and arrived the very day the unfortunate monarch was dethroned. A bust of Queen Victoria in white marble, which represented her in her youth, graced a pedestal beneath it. The present king's bust, in native clay, was exceedingly well modeled, and

above it was a striking likeness in oil of Queen Kapiolani.

The royal arms, embroidered on white satin with gold thread, hung as a standard in one corner, but was less interesting than several calabashes, unique in shape, carved out of koa wood, and which were polished and decorated very curiously.

The furniture was of different styles and colors, but blue predominated in the covering. The hangings were of blue satin also, which gave a cool, pleasant air to the room.

Presently the sliding doors opened, and the king appeared, dressed in a morning costume of light-colored trousers and Prince Albert coat, buttoned closely around his shapely figure.

His carriage is erect and dignified,

as befits a sovereign, and when he smiles, and shows his white teeth, and his face beams with quiet good-humor, one forgets the distinctions of race. He has a natural grace of manner, which attracts everyone, and which puts strangers at their ease. He bears his fifty years with few of the marks which time stamps on all, as mile stones on our journey of life. Our interview was short but pleasant, and he wished us "aloha" with a cordial hand-shake, expressing, in unconventional language, with a kindly word to each, his pleasure in seeing his visitors.

The following Friday was the day for the return of the "Australia" to San Francisco. It was one week since my arrival, but a week so full of enjoyment that it really seemed a month. I had

formed so many pleasant acquaintances, seen so much that was new and strange, that each day seemed lengthened out to a dozen ordinary ones.

When I came down to breakfast in the morning the front piazza was filled with natives, displaying huge baskets of multi-colored bouquets and *leis* (pronounced lay) made of flowers suitable for the purpose.

Their custom of decorating the friends who are to sail, and wishing them "aloha" is common to all classes, and a prettier sight can scarcely be imagined than a steamer sailing off, her decks crowded with men and women, loaded with these bright emblems of affection. They are garlanded around the hat, around the waist, over the arms, and hang

often to the bottom of the skirt. The oddity of the display must be seen to be appreciated. Nowhere else on the face of the globe, so far as I know, does this custom prevail, and one must go to Honolulu to enjoy it. Several of our acquaintances were to sail, so we drove to the wharf, which presented a lively appearance when we arrived.

The native and *Charleston* bands were playing, alternately, the national airs of both countries, interspersed with the popular airs of the day. Not even omitting "McGinty at the bottom of the sea," a significant reminder, one would think, to those about setting sail. The ship was crowded above and below with the passengers and their friends.

It was very warm, but the gauzy

dresses of the ladies, their pretty shade hats, the men in white morning costume, the bright flowers on every hand, the loving greetings, the gayety and laughter, combined to make a *mise en scène* not soon to be forgotten.

The doctor regaled his immediate friends with some cooling sherbet, remarking "that an iced drink was his prescription for a warm heart."

The admiral and officers of the *Charleston* were there, as were many of the people of Honolulu whom we had met. It was indeed a gala day, and the order for "all ashore" having been given, our last adieux were said, and we filed down the gang-plank, and ranged ourselves in the most convenient places on the wharf to see the ship move out into the bay. It was

truly a novel sight—dusky maidens, covered with the links of friendship from the sweethearts they were leaving behind, their bright eyes bathed in tears as they waved their last good-bys, stood side by side with their white sisters, all agitated by one common sentiment, as they parted from friends, perhaps never to meet again.

Two of our friends were holding their little court on the hurricane deck, where we had just wished them *bon voyage*. Near them was a party of young people, almost hidden underneath the wealth of blossoms, picturesque in attitude as they leaned over the gunwale to catch the last glimpse of the retreating shore.

"Our turn next," said I, as we turned to our carriage. "I wonder if

we will have a *layout* when we go off?"

"Better than that," said the admiral; "you shall have a spread on the *Charleston.*"

CHAPTER XI.

ANNIVERSARY OF BIRTHDAY OF KING KAMEHAMEHA I.—RACES AT WAIKIKI —DECORATION BY THE KING.

THE 11th of June, the anniversary of the birth of King Kamehameha I., is the grand fête day of Hawaii.

The Hawaiian Jockey Club are wont to celebrate the day with races at Waikiki. This is the "Derby" or "Grand Prix" of Honolulu. The little world and the large world, the fair world and the brown world, John Smith and his Hawaiian Majesty, all go.

There is a stretch of level land by the sea, a circular course, a grand stand,

and booths scattered here and there. It had been raining the evening before, and our hopes were somewhat dampened, but the sun never shone more brightly than when I awoke.

There was magic in the morning, the rain had burnished the leaves, and we could fairly taste the freshness of the day. Already there was an unwonted stir, brown faces were peering through the foliage, and strains of martial music and the boom of distant cannon could be heard. By ten o'clock we were *en route* to the grounds, accompanied by our escort, at whose kind invitation we were to occupy seats in the Jockey Club building. The sun glinted through the golden gloom of the acacias, and the royal and loyal palms seemed to be chanting the

national anthem as we whirled along.

The highway was alive with vehicles of all descriptions, and by the roadside trooped crowds of brown-faced men and women, lithe, graceful, and flower-crowned. The air was filled with the

Gust of laughter, and the gush of song.

"Better to be happy than to be wise," I said.

"Yes," replied my companion, "the jester's cap and bells are more useful than the sword of the warrior."

Just in advance of us was the king's carriage, containing His Majesty, the chamberlain, and vice-chamberlain. Suddenly something fell in front of our horses, and glistened in the sunlight; the coachman sprang to the ground and

secured it, while our escort signaled the chamberlain to stop. It proved to be something which held the wheel in place, and a little further on there might have been a "royal spill," as my companion remarked. We felt that we had been instrumental in saving the king's life, and were entitled to a decoration of some kind.

When we arrived the scene about the entrance to the grounds was animated in the extreme. Booths had been erected on every hand for traffic. There, offered for sale, were badges of yellow and purple, the king's colors; fans and frivolities of all kinds, and *leis* of colored flowers, and of dark burnished leaves, intermingled with berries of *moka-henna*. Itinerant pedlers of ice-cream doled out their frozen sweet-

ness to the children at five cents a dish. The merry-go-round for the young folk reminded me of the fairs of Old England, and as we took our seats on the balcony of the club house, a diminutive "Derby" was being enacted around me.

The ladies, with fluttering fans and fluttering hearts, were attired in gauze; the men wore their favorite colors, for the horses were owned by gentlemen of Honolulu, or adjacent islands, and each seemed to scan the programme for some hint which would help them to win gloves, hats, and perchance hearts. The king's box was adjoining the one we occupied, and when His Majesty entered, accompanied by Princess Liliuokaulani, his sister, his chamberlain, and others of the royal household,

the band struck up the national anthem, and we all rose to our feet. His Majesty was attired in a white morning suit, and wore a straw hat, around which was wound a silken scarf of yellow and gold.

The native band, which is composed of about forty musicians, is a conspicuous feature of Honolulu life, and requires more than a passing mention in these pages. The members are all natives except the leader, who is a German named Berger. The band is employed by the government at a cost of $50,000 a year. They are proficient, and render both classical and popular music with skill and expression, and when one considers what easy-going, pleasure-loving creatures they are, and how difficult it must

have been to make them adhere to the practice long enough to perfect themselves, enough praise cannot be given their leader, who has accomplished wonders with these music-loving children.

Herr Berger has composed a piece which has been adopted as their national air, called "Hawaii Ponoi," which is played whenever the king is present.

Racing is much the same the world over. A tap of a bell, a flash of color, and away they go; a murmur of excitement, a moment of anxious peering through the field glasses, and a cheer at the finish.

Horses are the factors in the maddest, wildest sports we know. A neck and neck rush down the home stretch

will arouse *ennui* to enthusiasm; and I can imagine nothing more exciting than a splendid mount and the cry of tally-ho.

The incident of the morning was afterward related to the company by His Majesty, who gracefully threw around each of us a beautiful *lei* of green with the *moka-henna* berries, so much admired by us. These we wore for the remainder of the day and preserved afterward as souvenirs.

One cannot help being charmed with the amiability and innate goodness of the native race. They held their improvised picnics under the trees, and watched the races through the low paling in a quiet and orderly way. The horses owned by the natives were the favorites with them, and they took their defeat as a personal calamity; but when success crowned their efforts, joy was depicted on every countenance,

and their enthusiasm was unbounded. There was no drunkenness, however, and no disorder of any kind.

As I looked at the jovial company, and watched the gay scenes being enacted on every hand, I bethought me of a similar scene, only on a scale of far greater magnificence. I recalled the booths, the grand stand, the coaches, the horses, the jockeys in their variegated costumes, and the congregated thousands. Scarcely a year had elapsed since I had seen the "Grand Prix" at Paris, and it seemed, for the moment, as if this little island had floated off with me into the blue Pacific, and that I was looking at some mirage which had taken on indistinct form and feature.

The day waned, and the sun hung

low in the west, when the motley throng of vehicles hastened homeward, escorted by gay equestrians and tawny pedestrians. The exuberance of the morning was no longer manifest, but supreme content and satisfaction had taken its place, as if joy had been realized and hope fulfilled.

CHAPTER XII.

MANOA VALLEY, OR VALLEY OF RAINBOWS—LUNALILO HOME.

LOOKING upward from the seaside, half-way to the heavens is a depression in the range of peaks, whence the cooling breeze from the windward side falls upon Waikiki. This gorge is nearly always canopied by clouds, or the ghost of clouds; sometimes thin and frail as a bridal veil. The sun pierces this condensed vapor, and embroiders the emerald robes of this mountain dell with rainbow shreds; hence the name, Manoa, or Rainbow Valley.

These white mists are simply the messengers of the wind, and are by no means ominous of rain, although their materialized kinfolk, the clouds, gather frequently in dark masses and let fall their burden of water.

I determined to gratify a desire to visit this spot, and selected what promised to be a pleasant day for the drive. The clouds hung high in the heavens, and the valley looked serene and inviting in the distance.

Our roadway took us past the Oahu College. This is a well-appointed institution, where young men and young women matriculate after leaving the primary schools, and where they can obtain a fair education.

A fine building in the college grounds is devoted to the laboratory and mu-

seum, where an interesting collection of minerals found on the island is shown.

Upon a subsequent occasion I was present at the closing exercises of the term, and listened to the theses of the graduating class; and they certainly seemed to me to be as creditable as some I have listened to elsewhere.

The stone wall which surrounds the college grounds was well-nigh covered with creeping vines, which proved to be the night-blooming cereus. Innumerable buds were sleeping in the sunlight, and waiting for nightfall to burst into beauty.

From the college grounds the road constantly ascends until the valley is reached.

There were evidences of superabun-

dant rainfall on every hand. The *taro* patches were fairly afloat, and the plants seemed to revel in the bath.

The mountains, green to their summits, were corrugated with deep gulches, through which invisible streams flowed.

You could hear the liquid sound of waters, bubbling and gushing beneath

a riotous luxuriance of leaves and vines.

One silver streamlet broke from its cover, and bounded over the rocks, darting under feathery ferns and bracken of immense size, and came out in unexpected places, as if playing hide and seek with the flowers.

The shadows of the winged messengers of the winds were ever shifting, and far above the highest peaks could be seen the frowning faces of the clouds themselves, threatening but passive.

We continued to mount skyward between hedges of wild lantana; the roadway was rough, steep, and narrow. For miles our patient horse, "Dandy," had dragged us up this ascent, but at last came to a dead halt upon the

brink of a pool filled with rocks and brushwood. The driver urged mildly, then coaxed, and finally threatened. "Dandy" evidently thought it better to lie down and die, rather than to attempt to drag us farther. He looked around, apparently appealing to me; the reproachful look of that horse will haunt me till my dying day. He knew there was no valley, for the best of reasons—it was all hill. Finding no sympathy, and threatened with the whip, he made the plunge; there was a crash, a splash, a scream, and we were safely over. We went on, because we could not go back; our only hope was that some favorable turn would bring us out upon some possible highway; but even this was dissipated when we ran abut against a gateway upon which was written, "No

Thoroughfare." It might as well have been Dante's famous inscription over the portals of Hades.

With much difficulty our engineer reversed the wheels, and turned "Dandy" about; he said as plainly as a horse could say, "I told you so"; he was angry, I knew it by the toss of his head, and by his scowling ears, and I wonder that he did not emphasize his anger with his heels.

Horses must have souls; the law of compensation requires it, otherwise gross injustice would disgrace somebody. I am sure that carriages are not immortal, so that in the next world "Dandy" will be out of the traces; besides, there we shall make our excursions on wings and not on wheels.

We stumbled down the gulch on our

homeward way; if there was a valley, I had not seen it.

A rainbow is called a "bow of promise"; in this instance it was a promise not fulfilled, for it never came out of the cloud. As a child, I have a dim remembrance of reaching after a rainbow which I could not obtain; that I should thus repeat the experiment, when time had taught me that rainbows were fickle and ephemeral, is a sad comment on the wisdom of experience.

When we crawled out of the gorge, we looked down upon a magnificent panorama of sea and shore and valley. Our discomforts were forgotten, and even "Dandy" seemed amiable.

As we drew near home, we passed the extensive grounds of the "Lunalilo

Home" for aged native men and women. It was founded and endowed by the late King Lunalilo, and is a noble charity. The building is a fine structure, with long wings on either side, and the grounds are beautifully laid out and planted.

I bethought me that it would be a fitting opportunity to visit the place. I could thus compensate myself for the loss of the rainbow, and perchance mollify "Dandy" by a seasonable rest.

As we ascended the steps, the inmates seated about the veranda greeted us with the customary "aloha," and the matron met us at the door, and kindly bade us welcome. She showed us to the reception room, and subsequently through the building.

It seems that one wing of the build-

ing is set apart for those who are single, and the other for those who are married. As we were passing through the connubial quarter, I noticed an elderly woman, of sixty or more, sitting at her door in blissful contentment. She greeted us with her face aglow, and as we passed on the matron explained that she was a bride, having just been married to an elderly inmate of the home. The trousseau consisted of a red Holoku, or "Mother Hubbard," wrapper and a pair of shoes; the wedding tour was a trip from the bachelor wing of the house to the bridal chamber; and the hearts of the guests were made glad by an extra allowance of one-fingered *poi*. It was not love in a cottage, but love in a palace; and why should they not

marry? There was no wolf at the door; and besides, they had nothing else to do.

I am not sure but it would be well to require paupers living at the public expense to marry, regardless of sex; it would at least economize space and bed linen.

When we departed, the simple folk followed us into the grounds, filling our hands with magnolias, roses, and the choicest of flowers.

I thought, as I drove homeward, that this grand charity was the result of the teachings of the missionaries, who had sown the divine seed.

CHAPTER XIII.

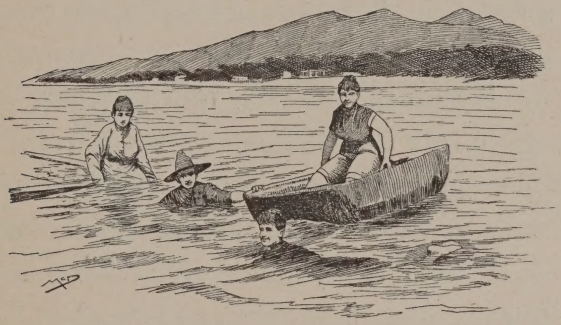
MUSICALE AT WAIKIKI—NATIVE TRITONS—A TROPICAL NIGHT.

WAIKIKI, place of pleasant memories. I went again—not in the flush of morn, to watch the racing horses, but in the gloaming, when the moon was at her full, and shed her white light on sea and land.

The day had died divinely, and the night seemed only a more delicate day, as we drove down—where the shore sloped serenely, and the waves danced daintily—to a seaside villa, to listen to some music.

Our hostess, a fine musician herself,

had arranged a programme which had been in rehearsal for some time. The best musical talent of Honolulu, entirely amateur, took part. The house,



half hidden in its glowing gardens, faced the crescent of the bay. The *lanai*, decorated with banks of flowers, palm leaves, and pendent vines, had been provided with seats, so that 250 persons were comfortably seated when the overture was played.

The blinds were drawn while the

music was being rendered, but as the last strains of Mendelssohn's cantata, "Hear My Prayer," were dying away, the blinds went up, as if by magic, and a flood of harmony was poured into the ear of night. The waves seemed to take up the refrain, wafting it over the bosom of the deep, while the rippling surf repeated it again and again as it crept up the shining sands. It was a delightful conception, the realization of enchantment, and we waited, enraptured, for the magician's wand to shift the scene. It came when the room was cleared, and the dancing began, while brown-faced musicians played on stringed instruments and sang as interludes their weird native songs.

The whole picture was Oriental:

the tremulous palms whispered in the breeze, the air was balmy with the breath of tropical flowers, the sky was cloudless and luminous, and the sea scintillated and flashed with phosphorescent light.

Those of us who did not care to dance wandered out into the white moonlight and down by the ocean side, to drink our fill of the magical romance of the hour.

"Nights such as this were never made for sleep," I said to my companion.

"No," he replied, "the transient death would surely rob us of a foretaste of Paradise."

Waikiki is noted as a bathing resort, and it is indeed an ideal bathing place. The dark waves dash foam-tipped

against the outer reef, while within, the calm, pure water glides gently over

a sandy floor, where the bathers disport themselves.

Here, of old, it is said, the natives were wont to indulge in their aquatic sports. Clad only in their malos, a piece of cloth wrapped about their

loins, with their sea sledges, they would go boldly out to meet the incoming breakers, and when the huge mountain of water seemed about to overwhelm them, they would deftly dive beneath it, and, rising to the surface beyond, would poise upon the crest, and reclining, or kneeling, and even standing upon the sledge, would sweep shoreward with the speed of the wind, shouting, and clapping their hands with glee.

Those who succeeded received their meed of praise and applause, and those who failed were greeted with jeers and laughter. This competition must have created the race of lithe and graceful Tritons which Captain Cook found.

These sports are still in vogue, I am told, although I have not seen them.

Ere I leave the islands I hope to see more of the natives in their unsophisticated state. It is certainly delicious to find a people who never get beyond their childhood, who have no artificial wants, and who are simple, amiable, and generous.

Sitting under the trees in the grounds of our host, on this memorable night, a gentleman, who wore the button of the order of the Crown of Hawaii in his lapel, related to me an incident of His Majesty, which illustrates his character, and which certainly redounds to his credit. And as he, *par excellence*, is the type of his race, it might justly be considered an illustrated edition of the heart of Hawaii.

I venture to tell the story as it was told to me. He said, "I first met His

Majesty under peculiar circumstances. I had been in Honolulu some days, and was walking in the street with a member of the Hawaiian Cabinet, to whom I had brought letters. We chanced at the moment to be speaking of the king, and as we turned the corner of the street I saw a stalwart figure, in Prince Albert coat and conventional tile, approaching; my companion had barely time to say, in a low tone of voice, 'His Majesty,' when the two met, halted, and exchanged salutations.

"The gentleman said, 'With your permission, sire, I shall be pleased, in this informal way, to present my friend.'

"There was a gracious bow, and a pleasant word to me in response, but

I was particularly struck with the unostentatious dignity of the man, and felt the natural reserve which it engendered.

"As the two fell into conversation, I stood somewhat apart, and noticed casually, on the opposite side of the street, the bent form and wrinkled face of an old native woman. She seemed to be standing in a supplicating attitude, on the outer edge of the walk, and to be devouring His Majesty with her eyes; the king looked up, and, as he caught sight of her, he said, 'Excuse me for a moment, gentlemen; do not leave.' He then walked directly across to the old woman, who advanced a step or two, with clasped hands, to meet him, and taking his hand in hers pressed it reverently to

her lips. Thus they stood in earnest conversation, she looking up, meantime, into his face with affectionate solicitude; and I noticed that when he had released his hand from her grasp he lifted it, and patted her gently on the shoulder. Having said what he had to say, he stooped and kissed her wrinkled cheek, and then came back to us.

"I know nothing more of the circumstances than I have related. I do know that with me the ice was broken; heart spoke to heart; behind the dignity I saw the man. Since then he has been more than a king to me, he has been my friend."

CHAPTER XIV.

BREAKFAST AT THE PALACE—HAWAIIAN CURIOSITIES.

HAVING been invited to breakfast with His Majesty, we arrived promptly at the hour designated, and were ushered into the "blue room" of the palace, where the king and his household, consisting of his sister, the Princess Liliuokaulani, and her husband, Governor Dominus; Colonel Macfarlane, the chamberlain; Mrs. Robertson, wife of the vice-chamberlain, and maid of honor to the queen, and the Hon. Mr. Cleghorn, a brother-in-law of the king, were waiting to receive us.

After the presentations, the doors of the breakfast room were thrown open. Covers had been laid for eighteen, and the table was wonderfully attractive, with its floral decorations; the centerpiece consisting of enormous pink water-lilies, garnished with maiden hair fern and rare exotics. These water-lilies are to me the wonder of the floral kingdom. I had seen them floating upon the little lakes in Kapiolani Park. As large as bowls, they spread their petals under the shade of the Algeroba's, white, pink-tipped, purple, red, and green.

The walls of the room were hung with the portraits of the former kings and queens of Hawaii. The windows opened upon the lawn where the band was playing a programme which had

been engraved on the *menu.* Upon the card placed at the plate of each guest appeared the crest of the king, a golden crown, resting upon a crimson cushion, underneath which was a scroll bearing the name.

I had the honor to be placed directly on the left of His Majesty. He conversed freely and pleasantly in a low tone of voice, and manifested a varied information upon many topics; while he maintained with infinite tact the dignity befitting his station.

We sat down at half-past nine, and arose from the table at twelve o'clock. Coffee was served upon the veranda, whither we all repaired. The gentlemen smoked, while we listened to some operatic selections, delightfully rendered on the piano by Count

Wachtmeister, of Sweden, one of the guests.

After this we strolled into the throne-room on the opposite side of the grand hall; the decorations for the ball had been removed, and it presented rather a bare appearance. A beautiful Persian rug, however, covered the center of the floor, and stiff, straight-backed chairs were ranged on either side.

We were here shown some Hawaiian curiosities; among which was a great feather robe, made of thousands of tiny gold-colored feathers, plucked from beneath the wing of a small bird called the Oo. Only one such feather was found under each wing, and so many of the birds have been killed that now they are quite

extinct. This robe is a wonderful piece of workmanship, and is the result of years of patient labor. Its value can hardly be estimated. The wearing of it is a prerogative of the king; that worn by the Kamahamehas was buried with Lunalilo, the last of the direct line.

Another curiosity shown to us was a scarf, about two yards in length and eight inches in breadth. It was covered with the golden feathers, and intersected at regular intervals with rows of human teeth, taken from chiefs killed upon the field of battle; and thus preserved as a token of prowess.

Numbers of the tall *Kahili* were displayed, diverse in color and ornamentation. Some of the handles were

formed of the thigh bones of enemies slain in war. No greater indignity could be heaped upon them than thus to make use of their bones to bear the emblems of royalty.

The Jubilee gift of the Queen of Hawaii to Queen Victoria was a royal monogram of large size, formed of the golden feathers of the Oo, and the work of Queen Kapiolani's own hands. The monogram is mounted on blue plush, with the royal arms and the arms of the Queen of Hawaii on either side. The outer border, set with gold stars of eight points, represents the eight inhabited islands of the Hawaiian group. Only the picture of the monogram was shown to us, but I had seen the original in St. James Palace, London, among other gifts sent Queen

Victoria on her fiftieth Jubilee celebration.

We saw the model of a grass hut, diminutive, of course, but exact in detail.

There were likewise strings of little shells, found only on the Island of Niihau, of which *leis* were made for royalty alone.

Rolls of tapa cloth were unfolded, of which the dresses of the women were formerly made. This tapa was manufactured from the bark of a certain tree. After it was stripped from the tree, it was beaten to a pulp with mallets of stone, and then stretched to the desired width and length, and left to dry in the sun; after which it was dyed with various colors; the patterns of the later productions indicate that

GRASS HUT AND GROUP OF NATIVE CHILDREN.

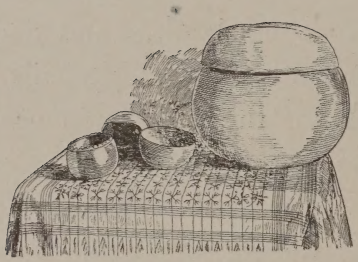
calicoes had already been introduced into the islands. Tapa cloth is no longer made, and these relics of the past are rare and valuable.

We were shown beautiful calabashes, elaborately carved; glossy bowls, made from the cocoa-nut; sandal-wood, which at one time was the chief export of the islands; and many old weapons and cooking utensils which were used by the natives in their savage state.

It was our misfortune not to have seen the queen, she being too ill to leave her apartments.

As we were taking leave, His Majesty referred to the fact that the next day would be the Fourth of July, and that a yacht race would be one of the features of the occasion, and thereupon

invited the party to come to his boat-house, at 2 P. M., to view the finish of the race.



CHAPTER XV.

FOURTH OF JULY AT HONOLULU—A ROYAL JOKE—DIVING BOYS—A YACHT RACE.

THE celebrations of National fête days are, as a rule, noisy demonstrations; essential, perhaps, to keep alive a proper patriotic sentiment; but nevertheless very trying to the nerves. In my own country, upon such days, I would fain steal away and put cotton in my ears. The ubiquitous small boy, with his drum and trumpet and firecrackers, becomes a terror; and the occasional large boy, with his excess of "Hail Columbia," becomes a nuisance.

It may seem strange then that, in a foreign land, I should feel the excitement of the memorable day, and ardently participate in its festivities; but we are thus constituted. I have seen the tears standing in the eyes of a strong man when his country's flag was unexpectedly unfurled in a remote corner of the earth.

Early the next morning I was awakened by the peals of artillery, and went forth to find the streets festooned and gay with flaunting banners.

At ten o'clock we repaired to the Opera House, where the surgeon of the Flagship *Charleston* read the Declaration of Independence, and the American Minister delivered an oration.

At eleven o'clock we went by invitation on board the U. S. ship *Nipsic*, to

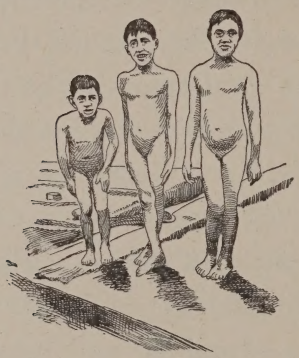
witness the start of the yachts on a forty mile race, and afterward saw a rowing match between picked crews of the *Charleston* and *Nipsic*.

At one o'clock we returned to the shore and lunched at the house of an American gentleman in the town.

At two o'clock we went to the boat-house of His Majesty to witness the finish of the yacht race.

The king and queen, with the Princess Liliuokalani and her husband Governor Dominis, and others of the royal household, were already there. Some slight refreshments were served, and we amused ourselves by watching the bobbing heads of the diving boys under the balcony. Their wonderful agility in securing the nickels thrown into the water was amusing enough.

The king is a practical joker of the innocent order, and a characteristic incident was related to me of the kinds of fun sometimes enjoyed by him. The



celebrated Hungarian violinist, Edouard Remenyi, was being entertained one afternoon at the boathouse by His Majesty, with a half dozen other friends, when one of the party proposed to take a swim, and had crossed over to a bathing place a few hundred yards

away, where a number of Hawaiian naiads were diving and splashing.

The gentleman at once established pleasant relations with the maidens, and a grand game of romps ensued.

Kalakaua called the wife of the chief boatman, and with her assistance arranged a dummy woman on the balcony overlooking the sea.

He then sent a boatman to pull across to the gentleman and tell him that his wife was waiting for him, and disapproved of his proceedings. The gentleman came back in a chopfallen mood and was received by the king, who begged him not to approach his wife until His Majesty had made peace for him. After keeping him shivering for twenty minutes or so, he then gravely led him to the dummy.

The yacht *Hawaii* won the race, which greatly pleased His Majesty, for he had once owned it, and was anxious that her record of being a good craft should not be broken. She came sailing in, in fine shape, some minutes before the others.

At four o'clock we paid our respects to the American Minister and his family, who, assisted by the Consul, his wife, and daughter, were receiving a throng of visitors; from thence we returned to the hotel to make ready for the ball in the evening.

The streets were filled with a motley crowd who had enjoyed the festivities;

> All day their echoing pulses had stirred
> To song and laughter, and jesting word.

Our national fête day had evidently been well observed; even the firecrack-

ers were not wanting, for I saw a Chinaman tossing them into the air with apparent delight.

The ball was held at the armory, and the large hall was gay with a profusion of flowers, and brilliant with the uniforms of the officers, and the silks and jewels of the ladies.

At an early hour I retired, somewhat weary, for it was more Fourth of July than I had experienced since my childhood.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE KAMEHAMEHA SCHOOL — MADAM BISHOP — A MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES — KALIHI.

THE day after the Fourth, one of the ladies of our party left for San Francisco. Someone has truly said that those who remain feel the separation more than those who go. I felt, indeed, that something pleasant had gone out of my life; and I might have moped about in a disconsolate mood had I not pulled myself together, and gone off, in sheer desperation, to visit the Kamehameha school, the buildings of which I had frequently

noticed when driving on the Palama avenue.

This school was founded and endowed by the generosity of Madam Bernise Panahi Bishop. She bequeathed, for this purpose, a large tract of land valued at $474,000, with an annual income of $36,000, and it may well be considered a sacred trust to perpetuate the memory of its Christian founder and benefactress.

Madam Bishop was the daughter of Paki, one of the Oahu chiefs, and Konia, his wife, who was a granddaughter of Kamehameha I. She was born December 19, 1831, and was married to Mr. Bishop when she was nineteen years of age. She died in 1884, and left this large property to be devoted to the education of native boys

and girls. Madam Bishop inherited this property by reason of being the heir of the Kamehameha estates, and the schools appropriately perpetuate that name.

The boys' school was opened with forty-five scholars, in 1887. Up to the present time there have been $1,000,000 expended, until now there are more than thirty buildings completed and in course of construction, while about one hundred students are being educated.

The boys have a becoming uniform of cadet gray, with black trimmings, and present a pleasing appearance when marching into town in military order to attend church.

The principal kindly showed us through the building, and gave us all

the desired information about this useful and practical charity.

The boys are taught carpentry, blacksmithing, plumbing, printing, sewing, cooking, laundry work, stone cutting, wood-turning, besides being trained in colloquial and written English, mathematics, vocal music, geography, bookkeeping, history, hygiene, with special lessons in practical morality.

A moderate charge is made for tuition, which the boys are expected to defray by manual labor done in the dining hall and kitchen. They are taught to work the sewing machine, and to make their clothing and other necessary articles. We were shown samples of their work in the different departments, which were highly creditable.

A museum, built of stone quarried upon the premises, is in course of construction. It is a showy building of modern architecture, and especially designed for the large collection of Hawaiian antiquities left by Mrs. Bishop and Queen Emma. In the rear of the museum, an assembly hall is being built, to be used as recitation rooms for the various classes. Mr. Bishop defrays the cost of both of these buildings, thus leaving the entire revenue of the estate to be devoted to the maintenance of the school. I noticed that native woods were being made use of for the interior work of the museum ; the beautiful koa, which resembles mahogany and is susceptible of a high polish, predominating.

The view from the arched doorway,

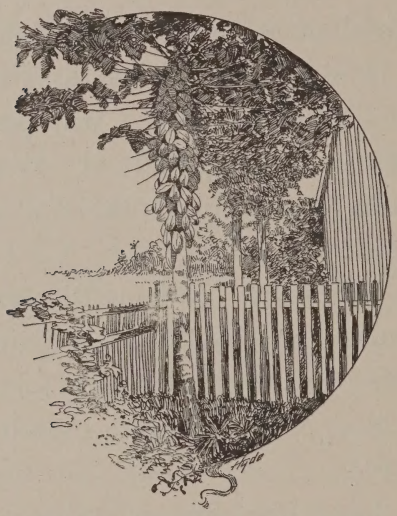
taking in Diamond Head, the Punch Bowl, the ocean, the town, and the intermediate country, is exceedingly fine.

A girls' school, under the same auspices, is to be established as soon as the funds of the estate will permit; and is to be located at Waikiki, near the Lunalilo Home for aged people.

The name of Madam Bishop will ever be revered by the Hawaiian people. She has erected a monument to her memory more enduring than bronze or marble.

We drove from the school to one of the country places on the Palama avenue, which has been named by its owner *Kalihi*. There are only twenty-five acres in the place, but it has a

charming stretch of lawn, shaded by stately trees, and gardens aglow with bloom. Thus far only cottages for the



servants have been erected. The proprietor calls it his "Chicken Farm," but never a chicken peeped about the place that I could discover.

We sat under the widespreading umbrella tree, and ate our fill of delicious melons; and came away, ladened with a wealth of roses and flowers.

CHAPTER XVII.

HIGH TEA—OPENING OF THE HOSPITAL BY THE QUEEN—THE CHURCHES OF HONOLULU.

I SOMETIMES found myself wondering how, in this remote corner of the earth, with only semi-occasional communication with the outside world, such a nice observance of the usages of social life could be maintained; and this pertains not only to manners, but to modes of dress, house decoration, and all the accessories of entertainment.

The delicious climate and the beauties of nature have undoubtedly had

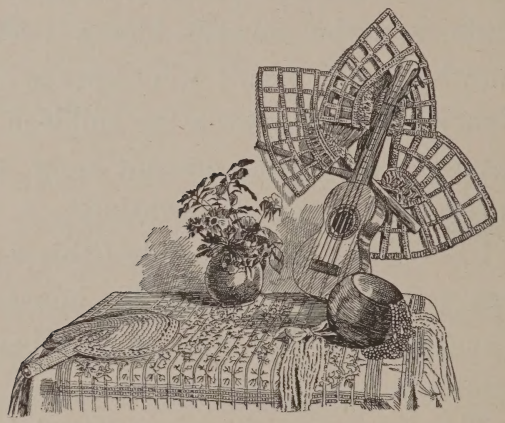
much to do with this, for we find that where individuals are fighting for mere existence they have little time to cultivate the refinements of life; but where the sun glows, and the skies smile, and the flowers bloom twelve months in the year; where peace and plenty reign, and even the children of nature break into constant song, the influences must be elevating.

I was forcibly reminded of this as I met a group of ladies at the house of a mutual friend where we were being entertained.

The rooms had been converted into a bower of roses, the doorway leading to the fernery had been draped with passion vines and sprays of golden shower, behind which native musicians, on the guitar, violin, *taropatch*,

and *ukelele*, were rendering delightful music.

The hostess dispensed her hospitality with ease and tact, and I could



but remark the gentle courtesy and well-bred tone which prevailed. I found that these ladies were not mere butterflies of fashion, but were active workers in the charities of Honolulu,

and that the poor and the sick were not forgotten by them.

One of the most pleasing reminiscences of my stay in the islands was the opening of the new Lying-in Hospital, founded by the queen. It is a comfortable, many-roomed cottage, surrounded by a park of trees and shrubs, and the grounds are cool and inviting.

Tents had been pitched upon the lawns, where refreshments were served; while the native band discoursed sweet music not far away. A large number of ladies were in attendance, and the queen, with her suite, was present for the purpose of dedicating the hospital. Her knowledge of English is imperfect, and she spoke to us through an interpreter. She said some pleasant words to me and

seemed deeply interested in the success of the hospital, which she had so largely contributed to establish.

Subsequently the wife of the English clergyman, who is the president of the institution, explained more fully the objects of the charity.

We were shown through the rooms which were furnished and made ready for their future occupants. There were modern beds with immaculate linen, and covered with mosquito netting; but whether, as one lady remarked, the natives, who were to occupy them, would like them as well as beds upon the floor, to which they had been accustomed, was a perplexing question.

"No matter whether they do or not," said another, "they are to be

civilized as well as Christianized, even if they are made uncomfortable."

An address was read in English by the queen's interpreter, who afterward spoke in the native tongue. Although it was all Greek to me, I listened attentively, and there was certainly grace in his manner, and he must have spoken with some oratorical effect.

The language is soft and musical, composed as it is almost entirely of vowels.

I said "Aloha" to the queen, who responded "Aloha nui," with a pleasant smile, as I took my departure. Her Majesty is of pure native blood, a descendant of one of the ancient chiefs. She has a large estate in her own right, and is much beloved by her people for her numerous charities.

A native church, called *kaiwaiaho*, is an interesting place to visit.

In the grounds at the right of the entrance is the Gothic tomb of King Lunalilo. The church is a large, substantial building of coral rock; the native members contributing each a stone for this purpose. The interior is plainly finished, and has a gallery on three sides, and a fine organ over the pulpit.

The choir consists of eight young women, dressed in white, and eight young men in black jackets. They sang the hymns with much pathos and expression, and their voices seemed to blend and harmonize perfectly.

The pastor is a missionary, who has resided in the islands many years,

and he has for an assistant a native preacher.

The service appeared to be conducted much the same as that of a Methodist or Presbyterian church, and the worshipers seemed very devout. As I looked into the earnest faces of that large congregation, I felt that the natives had taken not only the faith, but the form. It was the Puritanism of the past transplanted in the hearts of the heathen, and it had wrought its work of transformation.

During my stay in Honolulu I went several times to the English cathedral. The rector is familiar with the Hawaiian language, and the service is often rendered in that tongue.

Native boys are specially trained as

choristers, and they render the musical portion of the service with fine effect.

Adjacent to the church there is a school for girls, under the auspices of the Anglican Sisterhood.

The cathedral is a fine structure, built of gray stone, brought out from England for that purpose, but is not yet finished according to the architect's plans; but it is a monument to the zeal and energy of pastor and people.

There are also a Catholic church, two Congregational churches, and a so-called Union church in the town.

A Sabbath stillness seems to reign on Sunday. The shops are closed; church going is almost universal; the

streets and wharves are well nigh deserted, and the only noticeable sound is the peal of the church bells calling to prayer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TRIP TO MAUI AND HAWAII—THE "LIKI-LIKI"—SCENERY ON MAUI—WAILUKU.

I HAD contemplated a trip to the islands of Maui and Hawaii for some time, and the opportune moment seemed to have arrived. These are the show places of the Hawaiian kingdom, and no one should think of leaving Honolulu without visiting them. Upon Maui is situated the largest extinct crater in the world. And upon Hawaii the most wonderful active volcano.

Although the difficulties and discomforts of the trip had been vividly

painted, I was promised full and complete compensation if I held on tenaciously to the end; and I found out afterward what this holding on meant. I am not sorry that I went; I am only delighted that I escaped.

The plans of our party were matured on Monday morning, so only one day was allowed for preparation, as the steamer was to leave on Tuesday.

Dresses of blue flannel were to be made, and stout shoes and gloves, and broad-brimmed hats were to be purchased, and all were to be compressed into the smallest possible space, as we were gravely informed that we could take only a thimbleful of luggage.

The trip was expected to consume at least two weeks, if not three, and pray tell, how can an entire woman ex-

pect to live in a thimble for two whole weeks? But we did, and even the thimble proved to be a burden.

Tuesday P. M. found us fully equipped, the last purchase made, the last strap buckled, and our party safely on board the *Likiliki*, the little steamer that plies between the islands. She was lying lazily at the wharf, and received with a sort of sardonic indifference a motley concourse of confiding passengers. There were whites, half-whites, natives, Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese. The natives were flower-crowned as usual, "as if going to their own funerals," remarked a gentleman lugubriously. Even the custom, for the time being, had lost its charm; so much does the grace and sentiment of

an act depend upon the circumstances which attend it.

The wise ones were spreading their mattresses on the forward deck, to be prepared for the moment when the boat should be in her throes. The rolling and pitching capacity of the craft was well known, and the channel we were to cross proverbial for its roughness.

The deck was a medley of things animate and inanimate. There were men, women, and children, dogs and cats, cocoa-nuts, bananas, calabashes of poi, dried fish, and mats intermingled in inextricable confusion. Noah's ark must have been a tidy craft, and the tower of Babel as silent as the tomb in comparison.

The cabins and staterooms were

small and uncomfortable, and no man or woman dared trust themselves in such quarters. Each person selected an improvised couch on the deck, under the canopy of heaven.

I had "sailed the seas over" without once having succumbed to seasickness; but I had reason to think that my hour had come; in fact, I felt sick in anticipation; and I sat on my thimble the picture of heroic resignation.

I found some consolation in the beautiful view as we steamed out of the harbor.

We passed the *Charleston* and the other war vessels, sailed serenely through the narrow channel, with the breakers lashing the coral reef on either side, and breasted the long surges of the open sea. We rounded

Diamond Head, with Honolulu and the distant mountains in full view. The stately cocoa-palms, which fringe the shore, seemed to bid us a solemn and silent adieu. The sun was setting in a glory of golden cloud, and miniature rainbows gleamed on the crested waves in its crimson wake. I watched the mountain peaks with their shifting shades of pink and purple, until the smoldering fires of the day grew dim, and the stars announced the night.

When I came back from my abstractions I found that the men, women, and dogs had curled up in the common bed, and were evidently waiting for something. Our party had appropriated a corner so as to be neighborly, if not sympathetic, and we were waiting.

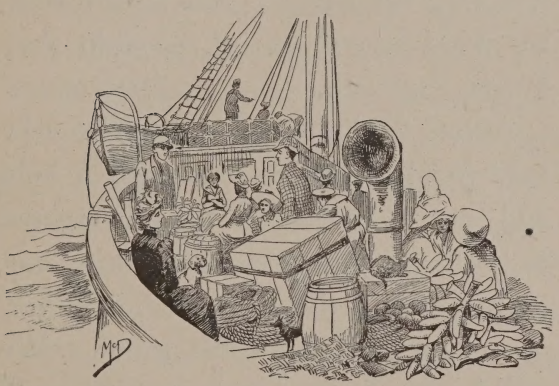
It is fourteen hours sail from Honolulu to the island of Maui, and the channel which divides Oahu from Molokai is the gist of the trip.

As we entered the notorious seaway our boat seemed to be imbued with a proper degree of frenzy, and behaved like a spirited maniac. The contortions of the waves were agonizing. The wind whistled, the cordage shrieked, and the prostrate forms moaned in chorus. The something waited for had arrived. I looked out upon the nasty sea, and it looked like a huge bowl of ipecac.

One young gentleman of our party, who had boasted that he had often braved the convulsions of the English Channel with immunity, sprang in hot haste to the taffrail; we tried to smile,

but it was a ghastly smile; it was no laughing matter, and no matter if one laughed.

At last the sleepless night waned,



and the morning dawned. The steward appeared, balancing with care a jug of steaming coffee. The ladies of our party sat on end with grateful hearts; the cups were handed, the coffee served, when lo, a malicious

wave interfered; there was a rattle of broken china, and we were literally left in ruins. When we gathered up the remains we concluded that we did not care for coffee; and as for rolls, the kind served up by the ship were not to our taste.

About daylight we sighted the Island of Maui, which presented a bold and precipitous shore line. It seemed to be a vast, treeless mountain, rising abruptly from the sea; clad, however, in a robe of the softest green. We could see little hamlets here and there, with their church spires pointing heavenward, and occasionally the huge chimneys of the sugar mills.

This island is noted for its sugar production, and it exports annually many thousands of tons.

We, that is what there was left of us, disembarked shortly after at the port of Kahalui.

The mountain of Haleakala, House of the Sun, rose majestically before us. It is the largest extinct volcano in the world, its terminal crater being nineteen miles in circumference, its summit rising more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. This huge volcanic upheaval, with its spurs, slopes, and clusters of small craters, forms the entire portion of what is known as East Maui, while West Maui is a picturesque group of the Eeka Mountains. These are united by a desert strip of land, making an island about forty-eight miles long and thirty broad.

From Kahalui we proceeded in a diminutive steam car, which seemed to

be waiting for us, along the ocean side to Wailuku, a place containing about one thousand inhabitants, and located at the entrance of the Iao Valley. There being no inn in the place, we were driven to a boarding-house. The good landlady looked at us in dismay. There had not been such an avalanche in years; she had barely room for five additional persons, and our party consisted of seven. By dint of some squeezing, however, we were finally sandwiched into place, and made fairly comfortable; at all events it was an ark of refuge which had a firm foundation, and was not buffeted about by wind and wave.

From the veranda in front I caught a fine view of the Eeka Mountains, and from my window in the rear I could see

the green slopes of Haleakala, and the wicked, restless ocean. We missed the tropical foliage of Honolulu, but a mountain stream went dashing through the grounds on its way to the sea, and sang us its restful song.

CHAPTER XIX.

PICNIC TO IAO VALLEY—GRAND SCENERY—SAD MISHAP.

THE day after our arrival we visited the Iao Valley. It was a horseback climb of five miles. We had bespoken our horses at the "Bismarck Stable," a small stable with a limited number of horses, but with a grand name. The portrait of the premier of three emperors hung creaking, by one hinge, in front.

We, that is the ladies, donned the regulation costume of wide flannel skirt, loose blouse, high boots, cap and gloves, and walked with our escorts to

the stable, where, beneath the hanging Bismarck, we mounted our horses. Two guides accompanied us with hampers of provisions, so that our party consisted of nine persons of both sexes and each astride.

The sensation was decidedly mannish, and somewhat disconcerted we ambled out of the town, feeling that even the dogs and the chickens were smiling at us.

As we ascended, a grand view of the valley gradually unfolded. The scenery is not unlike that of the Yosemite Valley. The mountains on either side are huge, conical-shaped masses of rock thrown up by volcanic action. Rent in twain primarily by some titanic force, the water by degrees has worn and widened the rift.

> The years have softened all the scene,
> The winds have sown the grasses,
> The sun and rain have clothed with green
> The naked slopes and passes.

The turbulent Wailuku River comes tumbling and foaming over the huge bowlders, and winds in and out amid the taro-patches, the sugar plantations, and the banana groves. The grass-grown uplands at the mouth of the valley stretch themselves to the base of the precipitous mountains, and form a striking pastoral picture, where herds of grazing cattle feed. To the left and above us we could see a long line of aqueduct which conducts the water to the plantations below for irrigating purposes. We continued to mount upward until our roadway became only a bridle path; by this time

our timidity had disappeared, and, filled with assurance, we had become heroic. In the wake of our guides we tucked ourselves upon the top of our saddles and fordęd the raging stream. We skirted along beneath overhanging cliffs, and entered a wooded dell, devoid of undergrowth, where the trunks of giant trees supported a roof of foliage. In these vast cathedral isles no song of bird or voice of living thing was heard. The only sound was the soughing of the wind, like far-off organ notes, amid the topmost branches.

Emerging from this, the vast walls on either side seemed to close in till only a strip of sky was seen between the peaks. The valley became a winding ribbon of park, with the river

flashing and dashing and roaring through it. Against the skyline bastions and towers and turrets flashed in the sunlight and grew dark in the shadow.

We filed on between walls, masked behind draperies of fresh and living green, and kept moist by trickling rivulets which forced themselves through sunless chasms.

The path would sometimes thread a dusky grove of giant trees, and then open out into an amphitheater, begirt with massive walls, over which the snow-white torrents would madly leap.

By midday we came to a halt in the shadow of the "Needle," a monolith, which pierced the clouds a thousand feet above our heads. Grand, solemn, and distinct, it stood out like an em-

erald shaft, clothed from base to apex with a mantle of green, and crowned with a luminous halo of cloud.

Here we found a leaf-lined nest, latticed with leaves and carpeted with grass, in which to spread our feast; and first we posed impressively, amid the rocks, to give our Kodak artist an opportunity to take our pictures.

We grew jovial and loquacious; and finally the feminine trio, assisted by the guides, betook themselves to the preparation of lunch; while the masculine quartet, undoubtedly in the interest of science, strayed off to inspect more fully this wonderful geological tragedy.

A half-hour elapsed, the luncheon was spread and waiting, and our stalwarts did not appear. At last a drip-

ping, shivering, dilapidated individual slid down an adjacent rock, and, standing demurely before us, explained how these grown-up and grey-haired boys, tempted by the something beyond which lures so many, had divested themselves of their clothing, and attempted to wade the stream, with a deck-load of clothing on their heads. The result was a shipwreck.

"And are you the sole survivor?" I said, with horror in my eyes.

"Oh, no," he replied; "the others are unharmed, and they will be here shortly."

And sure enough, back they came in a hilarious mood, cracking jokes at their unfortunate companion. As they seated themselves at the improvised table, the girl of the party remarked,

with becoming severity, "Each of you children deserve to receive a manual rebuke, and to be sent supperless to bed."

The river is named Wailuku, which means Bloody Water, and while the bearded children smoked their post-prandial cigars, the guide told us why it is thus called.

It seems that Kamehameha the First asked the hand of Keopuolaui, the daughter of Kalaui, chief of Maui, in marriage, and was refused. He came to woo with an army at his back, aided by John Young, who had taught him the use of firearms; the contest was fierce, and even the stream was choked with the bodies of the slain and discolored with their blood. In this cruel way Kamehameha won his bride, and

the name of the river is the record of the fact.

Upon our return, as the walls of the valley widened, we could see the rolling billows of the Pacific, the white line of surf along the shore, the intervening fields and pastures, and over and above all the grand dome of the dead volcano.

CHAPTER XX.

START FOR THE EXTINCT VOLCANO OF HALEAKALA—A VISIT TO THE SUGAR PLANTATION OF MR. SPRECKLES—AN INVITATION TO LUNCH — NIGHT ON THE SLOPE OF HALEAKALA.

As we sat upon the veranda on the evening after our trip, our commander-in-chief, giving his mustache a ferocious twist, announced that on the morrow our quartermaster would lay in his supplies and provide transportation; that we would deploy our forces, first, at the plantation of the Hawaiian Sugar Company, and then advance, by easy stages. to the base of Haleakala,

where we would be the guests of the Lady of the Manor, and the morning after we would make our grand assault on the summit.

Rested and refreshed, we awoke to find the sun flushing a cloudless horizon, and that all was propitious. Our horses had been sent forward and we betook ourselves to the ambulances provided, and were driven to the little seaport of Kahalui, passing on our way the Government Hospital.

Kahalui, despite its sleepy and dilapidated aspect, is the focus of an extensive commerce. It is a port of entry, whence seagoing vessels take cargoes of raw sugar to San Francisco, and where supplies are distributed throughout the island.

Leaving this sun-stricken cove, we

drove along a well-kept roadway, between fields of growing sugar cane, to the town of Specklesville. Here the gigantic mills of the Hawaiian Sugar Company are located. The streets are macadamized, planted with trees, and flanked with pleasant cottage homes for the workmen. There is a church, a park, a library, a clubhouse, a billiard room, and a hall for amusements; in fact, every essential for the comfort and pleasure of this little community.

This erstwhile desert was reclaimed by a vast system of irrigation. The water, which heretofore ran to waste in the sea, was caught and stored in five enormous reservoirs in the mountains. Fifty miles of canals and aqueducts were constructed. In accomplishing

this work, great engineering difficulties were overcome. Thirty gulches were flumed, and twenty-eight tunnels were cut through the solid rock.

The company own forty thousand acres in one tract ; upon this land the water flows to irrigate and fertilize, and exudes from the ripened cane a river of sweetness.

It is indeed a saccharine principality, and the proprietor is justly termed a "Sugar King."

Seventy miles of railway have been constructed through the fields, with collateral and temporary tracks, so that the cane is thus conveyed to the mills, and the sugar to the place of shipment.

By the politeness of the superintendent we were shown through this huge factory, which is capable of turn-

CANE CARS ON THE SUGAR PLANTATION OF CLAUS SPRECKELS, ESQ.

ing out one hundred tons of sugar per day. This gigantic enterprise is the conception of one self-made man, and it is only a tithe of what he has accomplished. Success has been the result of his energy and foresight, and two distinctions have been conferred upon him; his name has been given to the town which his enterprise has builded, and his Hawaiian Majesty has created him a Knight Commander of the Order of Kalakaua.

Leaving the plantation of the Hawaiian Commercial Company, we passed the Paia plantation, and arrived shortly after at Makawao. Here we halted to give our quartermaster an opportunity to purchase supplies.

While actively engaged in doing nothing, we were pleasantly surprised

to receive an open-air call, followed by an invitation to lunch. Nothing could have been more opportune, and we readily accepted the invitation, and followed our hosts to their home.

They proved to be two young bachelors, who were keeping house in a pleasant cottage near by. The one was a Harvard man, who had drifted out to this semi-tropical Eden in search of health, and was engaged as a teacher at the East Maui Seminary, and the other was his boon companion and friend.

In their longing for companionship, they had espied and captured us, and we were not unwilling captives. As one of them remarked, they had been bottled up for months, until the isolation had begotten a longing for

human flesh, and they were ready to eat us.

It was delicious to hear them effervesce. They shot off their mental pyrotechnics, and prepared with their own hands "the tiffin," and when we came to say good-by, and to thank them for their hospitality, one of them remarked, "Our thanks are due to you, for I really believe, if you had not come to our relief, I should have perished from internal combustion."

From thence we drove through a pleasant upland country to the home of the Lady of the Manor. There is no place where tourists to the extinct volcano can sleep, before making the ascent, unless she opens her doors to them, as she kindly did to us.

Upon arrival, we were assigned to a

large cottage, shaded by tall eucalyptus trees, and surrounded by grassy lawns. We dined with the family of our hostess and passed the after-dinner hours upon the veranda.

At an elevation of two thousand feet above the level of the sea, we found the air delightfully tempered by the altitude. There were no trees to obstruct the splendid sweep of hill and plain below. The grassy slopes of the uplands presented a charming pastoral scene, where grazing herds were feeding. The peaks of the Eeka Mountains were tipped with fleecy clouds aglow with the tints of the dying day. In plain view, the crested billows of the ocean, rank on rank, were driving shoreward to die upon the sands, and red with reflected light, high above

all, loomed the terrible crest of Haleakala.

We watched until the stars came out, and then sought our couches, for early on the morrow we were to storm this mighty fortress, and knock at the gate of this "House of the Sun."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ASCENT OF HALEAKALA—GORGEOUS SCENERY—THE HEART OF THE CRATER—SILVERSWORD PLANT.

THE ominous hour had arrived, and the summons came.

Disturbed by the weird voices of the night, sleep had scarcely visited my eyelids. I had heard the wind roaring amid the tree-tops, and made sure that the elements were not propitious; but when I stepped forth, all was serene; the stars were shining brightly, and the moon, in her last quarter, was flooding the world with silver.

The Hawaiian legend runs, that the

god Maui laid his nets on the crest of Mount Haleakala, and having snared the sun, as he arose, released him only upon the promise that he would always shed light and warmth upon the island.

Trusting that he would keep his promise for this day at least, and show us the innermost recesses of the volcano's heart, we fortified ourselves by breaking our fast, and having climbed to the top of our saddles rode gayly away, at first with a gradual ascent, through the lanes of the pasture lands.

Our cavalcade did not present an impressive appearance, but we were stout of heart, if not strong of limb. One untoward incident occurred, at the outset, to disturb our equanimity. Looking to the front, we dimly saw a huge beast swaying to and fro across the

roadway. "A bull," said the guide, and rode forward to intercept him; but evading our advance guard, he charged upon us with a seeming fury, which proved to be only fear, and dashed past, evidently rejoiced to escape. Our consternation vanished; we were brave once more; the Don Quixote of the party claimed the victory, and Sancho Panza acquiesced.

As the new-born daylight flushed the eastern skies, the marvelous cosmorama came out distinctly. The mighty lava dome rose bare and naked before us, its dark head lifted among the fading stars of dawn. We had but to turn in our saddles to take in the vast extent of mountain, ocean, and valley.

Onward and upward we threaded our difficult way amid piles of broken

lava. Vegetation had almost vanished. There were tufts of grass here and there, while an occasional dwarfed and stunted tree, or a frond of coarser fern, had fought for and obtained a footing in the clefts of the rock.

On the higher slopes we found some ohilo berries, formerly considered sacred by the natives, and made use of in their worship of Pele, the goddess of fire.

Midway in our ascent we came upon some caves in the volcanic rock, where a party of tourists had evidently passed an uncomfortable night. There was a smoldering fire, and some hungry-looking horses tethered near by.

From thence we toiled upward a thousand feet to the mile, the crest seeming to recede as we advanced,

until our patience was well nigh exhausted.

At last the ramparts of the fortress were reached, and we dismounted to scale it on foot. We dragged ourselves to the top, and I crept on my hands and knees to the rim of the crater, and peered with awe into the awful gulf two thousand feet below.

This gigantic caldron, ten miles in length, and five miles in width, was lighted by the morning sun, so that every part of its center could be distinctly seen.

In the mid-crater, at intervals here and there, were several small cones, apparently twenty or thirty feet, but in reality hundreds of feet in height. These were evidently the last effort of volcanic activity. The exteriors of

these infant volcanoes were fiercely red, while their throats were lined with black cinders.

To the north and east could be seen the Koolau and Kaupo gaps, through which rivers of molten lava had flowed to the sea.

In what primeval age this mighty convulsion occurred tradition does not disclose. When Captain Cook discovered the island the crater presented the same appearance that it does to-day. Time has not touched it with its tender hand. The centuries have come and gone, and it remains in its fearful magnificence unchanged. All living forms shun it, and death and desolation reign. There is no sound save the moan of the wind; no greenness mantles, and no shadow

protects it from the glare of the sun.

I bethought me of the time when this huge caldron was red with insufferable light; when its hundred fountains were spouting their liquid fire into the air, and its rivers of molten lava were flowing to the sea.

From where I stood I could see the dark blue billows of the ocean beating upon the white beach line ten thousand feet below.

To the eastward were the pointed peaks of Eeka, and at their feet the strip of land, like a narrow causeway, which moors the Mauis to each other.

Molokai, Lauai, and Kahoolawe were plainly visible, as if floating in the sea at our feet. I could see the miles on miles of undulating hills, the

splendid sweep of pasture land and plantation, draped

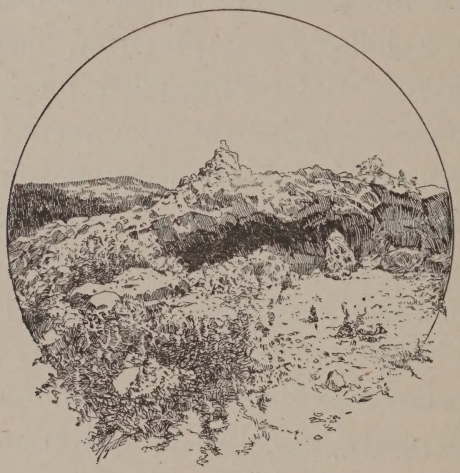
In dappled robes of gold and green and dun.

To the westward banks of clouds, like a billowy sea of silver, dashed with rosy tints, were piled on high, through which the snow-crowned peaks of Hawaii pierced and glinted in the sun.

In silence we turned from this ruined temple of the fire-goddess Pele, and began our descent.

I should perhaps make mention of a plant curiosity called the silversword, specimens of which we found growing on the crater's rim. Its long pointed leaves are white, and gleam like frosted silver. They spring from a common center and form a cluster of metallic splendor.

As a pastime, I thought to walk as far as the caves, where we proposed to have luncheon; but the broken lava



interfered, and I mounted. I had found the ascent wearisome, but the descent was more so. I doubt if the descent into Avernus would be easy, if one were hanging on to the crupper of

a saddle; albeit some rapid persons are said to go to his Satanic Majesty on horseback.

Arrived at the caves, we found our guide preparing coffee, and making ready our repast. Some of the gentlemen whose camp we had invaded on our upward trip had meanwhile returned; two of their number, however, were missing. They were much concerned lest the absent ones had attempted the perilous descent into the crater and had succumbed to fatigue and thirst, or had lost their way. Their guide was despatched, with food and water, to the rescue, but up to the hour of our departure they had not returned.

Slightly refreshed, we resumed our descent. Down, down, down, with our horses' tails in the air, and our verte-

bræ on the strain to keep up the equilibrium, we slid and stumbled.

The Manor House, sheltered by its trees, could be seen in the far distance, and it seemed as if we should never reach it; but we did, and literally dropping from the horse, I sat upon the ground, unable to stand. Resting thus for a few moments, I managed to reach the cottage, where I threw myself upon a bed, and for two hours slept the sleep of exhaustion.

CHAPTER XXII.

OUR STAY AT WAILUKU—START FOR THE ISLAND OF HAWAII.

As a sequence to our visit to the "House of the Sun," I may mention that at 6 P. M. of the same day, "merely for diversion and exercise," as one of the gentlemen remarked, our maimed muscles and dislocated joints were packed into wagons and driven to Wailuku, fifteen miles distant.

At this sedate little town we remained for one week, ostensibly waiting for the steamer which was to convey us to Hawaii, but in reality cultivating new cuticle and recruiting jaded sinews.

Our temporary domicile was comfortable, our food well cooked, and our celestial servitor a cheerful, garrulous person, who interlarded his service with pertinent, not impertinent, remarks. He said, one day, when I refused the taro which he passed, "What, no takee taro, no likee taro? All ite, him belly good all samee."

The only luxury, a luxury indeed, when you long for it in vain, which we particularly missed was ice. This frozen comfort is manufactured only in Honolulu, and wastes quickly in this tropical air.

The works of the Hawaiian Fruit and Taro Company are located at Wailuku. This company is engaged in drying tropical fruits and in manufacturing taro flour.

The mills of the Wailuku Sugar Company are also located here, and

give employment to numbers of Chinamen.

As elsewhere upon the islands, the Chinese have separate quarters. They work in the factories, cultivate the rice, taro, and sugar cane, carry on laundries, and are employed as household servants,

Near the village is the ruin of an ancient heiau, or Hawaiian temple. In some places the whole foundation of its massive walls can be seen. They seem to have been constructed of unhewn stone without mortar, and were at least ten feet thick at the base.

The great area must have been at least 100 by 300 feet, within which was erected the great altar of sacrifice.

The weather was not as warm as at Honolulu, and there were not as many of those household pests—mosquitoes—which torment one at night; so that, take it all in all, our stay was agreeable.

We drove across the narrow neck of sand which unites the two Mauis, late at night, to make connection with the steamer which was to convey us to

FROM AN OLD PICTURE.

Hilo, the chief town of Hawaii, and from where the excursions are usually made to the greatest active volcano in the world, Kilauea. The road is smooth and level and we enjoyed the midnight ride after our week of rest.

The *Kinau* was on time, and we were rowed to the ship in small boats which had been sent for us.

The sea was calm and the deep blue sky of the tropical night was ablaze with brilliants, and even the diamond points of the galaxy could be plainly discerned.

We mounted the gangway, and picked our way among the prostrate forms, literally packed in oil. On being ushered into our staterooms we were more than surprised, for we had heard such tales of woe from returning tour-

ists, that we were prepared for any discomfort, even to another night such as we had passed on the *Likiliki;* and when I found myself in a large, well-ventilated room, lighted by electricity, I heaved a sigh of relief, and laid down with a prayer of thanks.

We stopped for several hours, in the morning, at Mahukona, to discharge freight, touching at Kawaihae and Laupahoehoe later in the day, and arrived at Hilo, our destination, at midnight.

As our ship sailed along the leeward side of Hawaii during the morning hours the scenery seemed monotonous. The land sloped gradually from the distant mountains to the sea, and seemed to be simply a stretch of greensward denuded of trees. Here and there rose

the tall chimneys of the sugar mills, around which lustered small hamlets.

As we rounded the island to the windward side, there was a visible change. The shore was bold and picturesque and between the ocean and the mountains there were fields of sugar cane, where white cottages nestled, and ever and anon a church spire could be seen pointing heavenward, a veritable proof of the power and influence of Christianity and civilization. There were pastoral scenes of grazing cattle, and over the water there came the sound of evening bells calling to prayer.

It was indeed an arcadian picture of sweet repose.

I watched the beautiful panorama until the night shut out the view.

There were frowning precipices, rushing waterfalls, and sleeping villages, with the distant mountains for a background. At one point I counted fifteen cascades gleaming like threads of silver amid the fronds of verdant ferns, and leaping over the cliffs to the sea; and high above all loomed the peaks of Mauna Kea, half hidden by the clouds, through which its snow-capped cones pierced, and glistened in the evening sun. The cliffs were sometimes draped with mists, and then rainbows were born which flushed the sky and land.

The going down of the sun was the crowning glory of the scene. Full-orbed, in gold and purple pomp, it sank to rest; while in the cloud wrack could be traced the outlines of new

worlds and the images of men and animals, all reflected and floating in the jasper sea beneath.

Our first glimpse of Hilo was from the deck of the *Kinau*. It seemed to be sleeping in a wealth of foliage, its curving shore-line fringed with cocoa palms. The headland which helps to form its harbor is crowned with these stately types of tropical life; it is divided from the mainland by a little stream, over which has been thrown a rustic bridge. This island is the picnic ground of the people, where they are wont to celebrate their feast days and honor their guests.

We disembarked in small boats and walked up the main street to a little inn newly opened to the public, and the first and only one in Hilo.

Hitherto tourists have been entertained by the residents of the place.

The town is built on a gentle slope overlooking the harbor. The streets are flanked with the tropical trees for which this island is famous. Great clumps of bamboo bend their willowy stalks in the breeze; the solemn palms reach out their fans and lift their swords on high; the "ponciana regia" and the "golden shower" blaze with bloom, and fill the air with odor; every other bough seems to bear fruit in great perfection, stimulated, perchance, by the proximity of internal fires.

Mine host of the inn proved to be a Portuguese, who had taken to himself a pretty native wife. There was an air of cleanliness about the place which

promised comfort and good fare, and two bright and tidy children, the pride of their parents, filled it with the atmosphere of home.

We passed the day in driving about, in searching in the shops for curiosities, and in preparation for our trip to the volcano.

The native population is rapidly decreasing, and the picturesque grass houses, formerly so abundant, are now rare. In our drive up the heights we saw a number, albeit the frame houses, embowered in vines, have well nigh supplanted the original dwelling-places.

The Wailuku River runs between the two great volcanoes of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, and its waters, passing over beds of heated basalt,

have formed a Gothic archway, through which it flows into a basin of lava.

We crossed the bridge which spans the river, from whence the view was fine. Looking up between high walls, clad with verdure, the river comes dashing down, and falls in a cascade just where the walls divide to give it access to the sea. At the foot of the falls are huge rocks which rise above the surface of the river.

We noticed numbers of native men and women on these rocks seeking for a kind of fish which secretes itself in the crevices. From thence to the sea, the low banks are covered with beautiful plants. Rivulets of pure water run through several of the streets, and are diverted at nearly

all the houses for bathing and other purposes.

With the close of the day our preparations for the morrow's trip were fully completed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ASCENT OF MAUNA LOA—THE FOREST OF HILO—THE FATAL SIGNBOARD—THE VOLCANO HOUSE.

THE morning smiled after a night of showers; and our party, eleven in number, climbed into a colossal carry-all, with four horses attached, and were driven over the volcano road, *en route* to the show place of Hawaii.

This road, fifteen miles of which are finished, passes across the lava beds, and is being constructed by the government at great cost; when the remaining fifteen miles shall be finished, it will lighten the burden of the trip to this wonder spot.

The morning air was fresh and sweet, and the view enchanting, as we drove up from the village. The raindrops glistened like jewels on bud and blossom, and the waxen leaves were burnished; exuberant vegetation and brilliant plant-life reveled in the sunshine.

Our spirits caught the infection, and good-humor prevailed. The guide became a butt, and questions, pertinent and impertinent, humorous and quizzical, were fired at him; to all of which he answered gravely.

A mile or more to the right could be seen the congealed torrent of the lava river which had so nearly overwhelmed the little town in 1881.

We passed taro patches, and mullet ponds, and native houses, and ere long

came to the confines of a dense primeval forest.

This belt of woodland girdles the island, and averages seven miles in width. The roadway has been cut through this mass of foliage and these mighty trees. Passing from the glare of the open country, one seems to enter a vast covered hall, roofed and inclosed. The massive columns rise on either hand, bespangled with flowers, and trimmed with living green.

These unwonted tree-forms were a source of constant wonder to me. The tall pohala sends out its long pointed leaves in cone shaped clusters, in the center of which its yellow flowers are seen; these in turn beget a fruit or seed which is not unlike the pineapple in shape. The branches droop and

wind about the tree like huge boa-constrictors, each one holding in its mouth, as it were, a seed germ; thus enveloping the entire tree with an armor, embossed with fruit and flower.

The ohia, or mountain apple, is another wonder of this Hawaiian wood. Its boughs devote themselves to leaves, while its trunk bears the fruit. Attached by delicate twigs to the bark, its red and yellow apples seem like parasites; they are fair to look upon, but insipid to the taste; and could hardly have been the apples of Eden or Hesperides.

I saw, for the first time, the screw palm; so called because its long, pointed leaves wind spirally about the stem.

An impenetrable network of green

interlaced the giant shafts. Ferns luxuriated in the moist shade; they crept over the fallen trunks, and hid with their delicate tracery all deformity; they pushed their way into the crevices and found a foothold everywhere; they climbed the trees, and struggled with the vines for supremacy; they even aspired to be trees, and spread their fronds on high.

Moist-footed mosses clung to every vacant space, and creeping vines, and crawling tendrils, wound in and out; they leaped the lofty boughs, and hung in long festoons between us and the light. It was the ceaseless, soundless strife of the jungle, where death enriches and fattens the survivor. Each plant, and vine, and bough was begemmed with bud and blossom, and

AT WAIKIKI.

the humid air was redolent with odor.

For miles we drove between these walls of living green without sight or sound of animal life, and then emerged into the open plain, which had been conquered and covered by dwarf tree ferns. Each spray was a tipped and tinted plume, which flashed in the sunlight and fluttered in the breeze.

After this we passed coffee plantations and taro patches, and came at last, through an ever varying phase of scenery, to the end of our fifteen-mile drive.

Though scarcely aware of it, we had been gradually ascending the slope of Mauna Loa, upon whose flank was the great pit toward which our course was directed. The dome of the mountain

towered above the clouds, which were massed at its base, and when our vehicle came to a halt, the rain was falling in torrents.

Horses for the bridle-path were standing under the tree awaiting our arrival. There was neither house nor shelter of any kind to be seen, so we prepared to mount from the steps of the carriage. We donned our rain coats, and unfurled our broad-brimmed straw hats, and expanded ourselves into the saddles astride. "Funny, isn't it?" said a young lady at my side; and it was funny, but we could not laugh, it was too serious, and too damp.

The gentlemen of the party were equally interesting; they might readily have been mistaken for the fag-end of Buffalo Bill's troupe.

An Englishman, his wife, son and daughter, had joined us for the trip, but the undertaking seemed so formida-

ble to the wife and daughter that they declined to proceed farther.

The order to march was given. and we fell into line, one guide in advance, and one in the rear. At the outset, we were to descend a steep and rocky de-

clivity, which the rain had not improved. The horses at first demurred at this, but were finally convinced that it would save trouble to proceed, and so, by dint of much persuasion, we reached the base of the hill; here it was discovered that the Englishman did not feel particularly interested in volcanoes, and had deserted the ranks, leaving his son to represent the family.

I found that my experience on the slopes of Haleakala had accustomed me to the motion of the horse, and had taught me to balance myself while passing over the rough places.

We clambered along a narrow pathway, across the lava current of some former age. Hundreds of square miles of Hawaii are covered with this gray coating. It lies in huge coils, or con-

volutions, like a congealed maelstrom.

I noticed the fern, that vanguard of vegetation, had here and there crept into the crevices, and was endeavoring to cover the scarred face of nature.

Never for once did the rain cease, and when we halted for luncheon, there was no dry spot where we could dismount and eat; so we sat upon our horses, and munched the sandwiches and hard boiled eggs under the thatched roof of our hats. Someone attempted an irrelevant jest, but he was rebuked with a look, and given to understand that eating was the business of the hour.

The formalities finished, we hoisted reins, and went on and up, the pathway becoming rougher, as the ascent became more pronounced. We entered

a glen which the molten lava had partially spared, and there the waving plumes of the tree fern formed an arching canopy over our heads. I felt for the moment a thrill of admiration; but my fund of adjectives had been exhausted in the morning hours, and I dared not venture even upon an exclamation point, for fear it would provoke a smile, and so I wisely relapsed into silent contemplation.

For hours I had made sure that I was being slowly dissolved, but now the rain had ceased, and the sun came fiercely forth, and I was certain that I was being baked. Every part of me which was not asleep developed an ache, and I found myself growing irreverent; if I had known precisely how I should liked to have said something.

The afternoon began to wane, and some heartless somebody suggested that, by urging our horses on the level stretches, we might reach the Volcano House before daylight disappeared; for if our cavalcade should be caught in a fog on the mountain-side, after dark, all sorts of grim results might happen.

My steed was unresponsive to kicks and thumps, and so the kodak artist came to my assistance, and reasoned with him from behind; he responded with his heels, and the argument came near dislocating my neck; I interposed an objection, and said that I was willing to die, but that I preferred to do it decently; the artist replied that he was there to stay, and that he would conquer that horse if it took all summer.

The guide had several times consoled us, by saying that the haven of rest was near at hand, and I had braced myself to finish in good form, when, lo! we came upon a signboard inscribed, "Seven miles to the Volcano House." This was the last straw which broke the tourists' back; I was ready to succumb; but the artist was inexorable, he continued the argument, and we went forward.

From this time on I took no note of place or time, but suffered in silence, and when, in front of the Volcano House, I saw the beaming, kindly face of our host, who came forward to assist me from my horse, I could almost have put my arms about his neck and cried for joy.

When placed in an upright position,

I found that my feet were useless. They must have been dead for hours; but with assistance I managed to reach a room, and threw myself upon a bed in utter exhaustion.

Being so far from the base of supplies, the house was necessarily a primitive structure, and scantily furnished. One feature, however, by reason of the altitude, added greatly to the good cheer; and that was an open fireplace and a blazing wood fire.

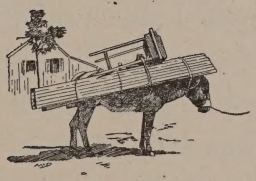
The house was packed with people ambitious to see a live volcano, and our party was divided up, and the fractions sandwiched into vacant spaces here and there. I was assigned a single bed in a room occupied by two other ladies, who, when we arrived, were at the volcano.

For obvious reasons I dined in bed, and remained there after dinner; not to sleep, however, for the walls were thin, the guests loquacious, and the laughter loud.

When silence did reign it was broken shortly after by the return of the party from the spectacular show.

My room was invaded by the two ladies who were to share it with me. They each glared at me in turn as they entered, to discover, perchance, if I was harmless. The one was tall and angular and old, and was addressed as "Auntie" by the other, who was young and round and rosy. "Auntie" moaned and groaned and ejaculated, "Oh! why did I come," but was

finally disrobed and rubbed and anointed and tucked away. The other followed suit, and then the real business of the night began.



CHAPTER XXIV.

VISIT TO THE SULPHUR BEDS AND BATH — THE VISITORS' BOOK — THE LAVA BEDS—THE VOLCANO—RETURN TO VOLCANO HOUSE.

HAPPY was I to awake the next morning refreshed. The stir of preparation was going on about me; even "Auntie" was chipper, and when, an hour later, I saw her ride away from the hotel in good spirits I was prepared to say, with Sancho Panza, "Blessings on him who invented sleep."

Breakfast over, we walked to an extinct crater about one mile distant

from the inn. The cup of this crater is covered with a white vegetable mold which resembles plush.

Upon our return we turned aside to see the sulphur banks and bath. This deposit is condensed from fumes which issue from fissures in the earth, and in conjunction with alum and other salts is found in great quantities. There are also strata of red, yellow, and blue ochres. The bath-house is placed above a steam jet which issues direct from Pluto's domain. So angry seemed the powers below that we walked about with awe lest the earth should open and swallow us up.

My previous ideas of volcanoes had been formed from the symmetrical cones and well-behaved craters of Vesuvius and Ætna; but Kilauae was

evidently a new outlet which had had no time to shape its mouthpiece. It had burst from the flank of Mauna Loa like a huge water spout in the midst of a billowy sea.

But I must not anticipate. It is not wise to criticise the piece till you have seen the play.

Night is the proper time to view fireworks, and we were to leave for the spectacle at 4 P. M.

I wasted the intervening hours by lounging about the house. I turned to the "visitors' book" and searched its olla podrida for something wise or witty. The nearest approach to it was a single sentence in an uncertain hand; it might have been wise, and, under the stress of circumstances, it might even have ranked as wit, but

alas! it was not original. It read, without quotation marks, "There is no fool like an old fool." The sad truth was perhaps forced from unwilling lips; and the writer may have deemed it common property like the Lord's Prayer or the multiplication table.

Another, written in a bold hand, was to the point and certainly original. It read, "This is a grand place for wearing out shoes."

Cæsar announced his victory over Pharnaces in three words, "Veni, vidi, vici." Behind a barricade of dead bodies at Waterloo, Cambronne said, "The guard dies, but never surrenders." Many a dead man has lived in an epigram; and this tourist may go down to posterity, even if he goes barefooted.

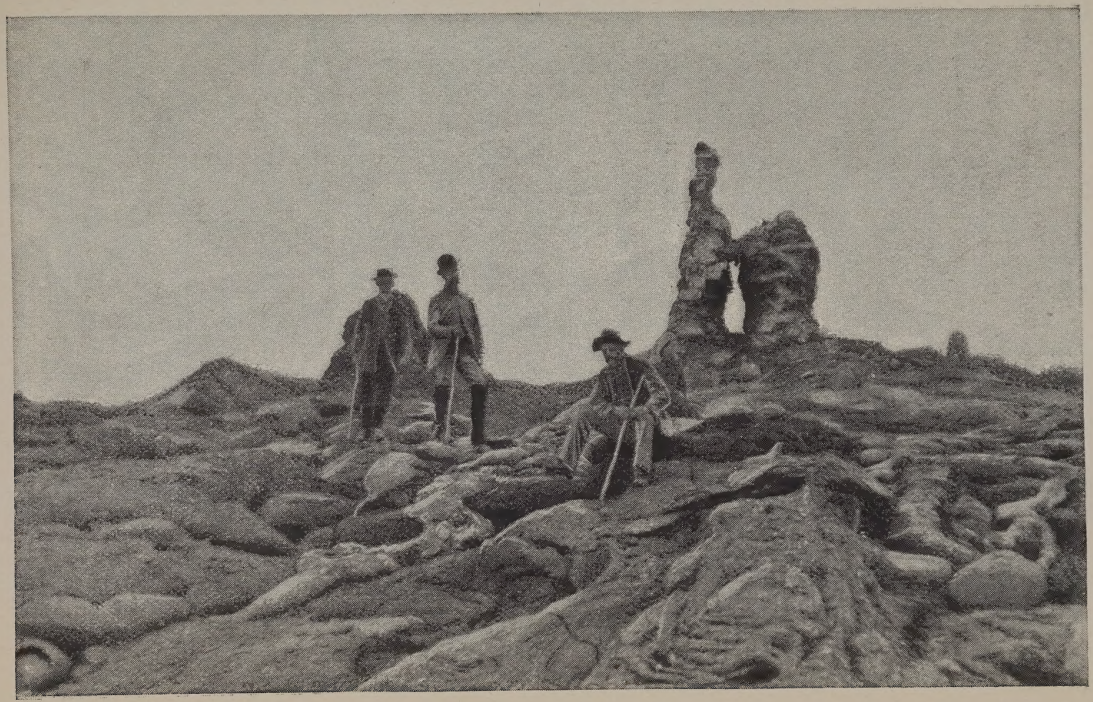
At 4 P. M. we followed the guides down the zigzag trail to the lava bed below.

I had taken the precaution to secure the services of one guide for myself, knowing full well the value of a sure foot and strong arm when needed.

We were each shod with tennis-shoes, cloaked with a warm wrap, and carried a long stout stick called a "crater staff," while the guides were ladened with canteens of water, baskets of luncheon, lanterns, etc.

The road was precipitous, and finally dropped abruptly down a sandy slope, and we found ourselves standing on a shining floor of black lava.

Horses were stationed at the base of the hill, to be made use of upon our return.



LAVA BEDS.

Looking upward from this point, one perceives that the Volcano House is at least five hundred feet above the lava floor.

The black expanse before me looked as if the heaving billows of some stormy sea had been suddenly stilled, and turned to stone. As we wended our way across this floor of adamant, we saw countless fissures, yellow with the stains of sulphurous vapors. Great coils of obsidian lay like petrified cordage about us. Cyclopean monsters, with distorted limbs, sprawled across our pathway. Chasms yawned here and there, which disclosed profound depths and vast subteranean caverns.

In and out, up and down, we were piloted by the guides, with the column

of crater smoke ever in sight as a beacon; till, after two hours' constant tramp, we came to the verge of a crater, which, a few years before, had been filled with molten lava. The force and volume of the volcanic matter, however, had steadily decreased, until only a small pool remains.

From this point our difficulties increased tenfold, for the lava bed has been so broken up by the mighty convulsions that it is well-nigh impassable. Happily we were shod with corrugated rubber soles, and clad with short, close-fitting skirts. At times the fumes of sulphur were so dense that we could only breathe by covering our faces with our handkerchiefs.

Toiling on, we stood at last upon

the brink of the great crater. It was still broad daylight.

I had heard from afar what I thought to be the wash of waves upon a rock-bound shore, and I expected to see a vast expanse of boiling, turbulent, incandescent fluid.

My first look was a disappointment. Instead of a sea, I saw a pool, of not more than two hundred feet in length, and one hundred in breadth; its surface was a dull leaden color, while from two vent-holes, one at each end, fountains of liquid lava leaped into the air. This molten rock cooled at once, and fell upon the crust with the sound of falling pebbles.

I said to the guide, "Is this all?"

"Wait," he replied; "it is constantly changing, and before you leave you will surely be satisfied."

I sat down and ate of the food which

the guides had spread for us, depressed by a feeling of sore disappointment. The encomiums, the warnings, and the platitudes inscribed in the visitors' book came forcibly back to me, and I fear me much, that I sympathized the most with the man who had written,

There is no fool like an old fool.

We were resting, as it were, upon the lip of the caldron, scarcely fifteen feet above the surface of the lake; the other sides were much higher, and the rim was crowned with slender, pointed spurs.

By the time our luncheon was over, night had fairly settled down, and *Pele* began to stir her boiling pot with demoniacal fury. Loud hissings, throbbings, and roarings were heard, accompanied by undulations of the crust

which indicated great agitation below. Cracks revealed the fiery furnace beneath, while from under the cliffs, and out of sight, came sounds of the beating of waves upon an unseen shore.

Ere long the crust began to break, and blocks of lava would drop into the vortex; then jets of liquid fire would shoot into the air, and light the night with radiance. The apex of the molten column seemed to disintegrate, and fall in golden showers upon the leaden surface below.

As one mass after another went plunging into the whirlpool, fountain after fountain would leap upward. The rocky walls of the lake would catch the momentary gilding of the spray. The cliffs would flash with intermittent glory, and in the alternating glare and

gloom fantastic shapes took form. Phantom beasts were crouched, and spectral birds were perched upon projecting points. Ghastly grinning skulls peered down from the rim of the caldron, and all were draped with "Pele's hair." This substance is a brittle floss spun from the molten lava by the wind.

From time immemorial, Kilauea was believed by the natives to be the home of the most potent of all their deities, the goddess Pele. Here she with her attendant demons reveled in flames and bathed in the fiery billows. She ordered the times and seasons of the eruptions and earthquakes. Animals and human beings were often cast into the crater to appease her wrath; and even to this day superstition reigns supreme in the hearts of the people.

Even a few years since, Princess Likiliki, sister of King Kalakaua, hearing that the fires of the crater had ceased, a phenomenon which usually precedes an overflow, and believing that by sacrificing her own life she could save the lives of thousands, refused all nourishment until she died.

We, too, sought to conciliate Pele, by throwing to her the remnants of our luncheon: and hoped that she would graciously show to us her best transformation scene.

We watched the various changes for three hours, and when the leaden crust had covered the surface of the lake, as with a blanket of stone, we concluded that the display was over, and were about to turn our faces homeward, when lo! the heart of the crater began

to throb, the mantle of stone was rent into fragments, the fountains played with redoubled force, and the caldron became a seething, boiling lake of fire.

We clambered up the rocks to a place of greater safety, and watched the heaving turmoil of flame until our eyes were well-nigh blinded by the glare, and our faces blistered by the heat. Red flames burst from beneath the crags, and dazzling jets shot into the air without cessation. A faint blue vapor was wafted upward, as if from the altar of the reigning goddess. The whole amphitheater was aglow, and the tops of the distant cliffs were on fire.

"Surely," I said, with a voice of awe, "it is the House of Everlasting Fire."

The bloom was fading from its congealed surface as we turned away and

followed our guides amid jagged rocks, across the gaping fissures, and down the slippery steeps.

My special ally, "Olive," proved to be a treasure; his strong arm sustained and helped me, so that the toil of the trip was lightened.

The darkness was intense, and we picked our way only by the light of the lanterns; and to add to our discomfort the rain commenced to fall. We plodded onward, however, until it seemed to me we must be near our goal; when the guide remarked, "Cheer up, here is the half-way stone."

For two days, half-way posts had been my bugbear; they had mocked at my pain.

I sank upon the wet rock disheartened. Here I was, with half the distance in front of me, and two-thirds of

my strength exhausted. My faithful servitor reached his hand to me ; I rose with a sigh, and set my corrugated soles in motion. Like some mechanical contrivance, I was wound up, and went forward until we arrived, I hardly know how, at the base of the hill, where the horses were to lend us their legs.

My hundred and forty pounds avoirdupois were somehow placed astride, and we tacked to and fro up the steep ascent to the house.

Within, a fire blazed upon the hearth; the tables were spread in anticipation of our return, but I had no heart to eat. I remembered that I had smiled at the distress of "Auntie" the night before, and ere long I crept to my room, a second edition of the woman I had made light of.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DESCENT—HILO AGAIN—"LOMI LOMI."

THE sunlight looked inquiringly into my room in the early morning, and half awake, that is the upper half, I wondered if the other half, which had borne the brunt of yesterday's burden, would respond when called upon. To my delight I found that it was in marching order; and once again I invoked "blessings on the man who invented sleep."

The atmosphere was clear, the black lava field gleamed in the sunshine, and the crater sent up its cloud of incense

in the distance, as we made ready for departure.

I was introduced to a strange horse, and was to adapt myself to a strange saddle; and they both looked gaunt and bony.

Each horse that I had ridden in these mountain trips had excited my commiseration; and it seemed a sin to mount this thin, colorless creature. He had been branded in his colthood, apparently for the purpose of giving him pain, for he was not worth stealing, and he could never have run away.

Our host manifested a becoming regret, and speeded us with a punctuated "aloha" as we took our departure.

The horse gave a groan which went to my heart, and staggered into line.

The kodak man took his wonted place directly in the rear of me. I ventured to remark that "I should consider any interference on his part as irrelevant," but he maintained an ominous silence, and we moved on.

For miles we retraced our steps without incident; when all at once the clouds obscured the light of the sun, and the rain commenced to fall.

I take kindly to a bath in the ordinary way, but a shower bath on horseback is not conducive to comfort, and I felt resentful. In any circumstances I am neither a daring nor a graceful rider; but in a crater uniform, soaked with water, and sitting astride, the picture becomes pathetic.

As I leaned over the neck of my horse to rest, I heard a ripple of laugh-

ter from behind. I said, "It is very well for you to laugh, for you think you see something to laugh at; but as for me, the situation is serious, and the subject is sore."

My sorry steed and my *sorrier* self were on the best of terms, and he bore me bravely to the end; if he does not get his reward, he deserves to; and I chronicle his fidelity and patience.

Transferred to the coach, we were driven through the silent tropical wood, so like those mythical forests where all life is fettered by enchantment, and on and out into the open rolling country, over the broad, smooth highway, until the beautiful bay of Hilo burst upon our view.

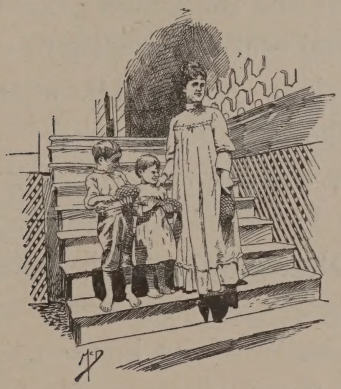
We could hear the measured beat of ocean's pulse, and saw the waters

gleaming with the glory of the setting sun. The cottages nestled beneath their clambering vines, and the tall cocoa-palms kept solemn watch and ward beside the surf-fringed shore.

With the traditional flourish, our coachman landed us at the steps of the little inn. The English family, who had made the excursion by proxy, were seated in cool comfort on the veranda. We were bedraggled and begrimed, but we felt and acted like heroes; and once having bathed, and exchanged our uniforms for befitting garments, we could look the world in the face, and vaunt our triumphs.

Thinking that a *lomi lomi* treatment might prevent all possible ill effects from the exposure and stress of the trip, I besought the landlady to procure a

lomi lomi woman for me. The natives have practiced massage from time im-



memorial, and are experts in its manipulations.

It proved too late to procure a professional, and the landlady kindly proffered to give me a treatment herself. I could not have fallen into gentler hands. There was strength in her finger tips, and healing in her presence,

and she imparted both to me. She "lomi lomied" the crater aches from my limbs and the kodak gibes from my brain, and sent me sweetly to sleep.

Hilo is a typical Hawaiian town, where the main object in life seems to be to do nothing, and to do it without effort. The donkeys and dogs, even, accept the situation with benign composure.

The walls of its horizon are hung with pictures of sea and shore, and mountain and moor, and river and wood. It is the gateway to the greatest wonder of the world.

Its climate is delicious, and Flora and Pomona have dropped into its lap the choicest gifts of flower and fruit.

I have felt the magic spell of its enchantment, and the charm is on me still.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE "KINAU" — HOMEWARD BOUND— LAPAHOEHOE—KOHALA PLANTATION— THE DISEASE OF LEPROSY.

At midday out past the Isle of Palms we sailed. Behind us the spent waves were fawning upon the beach; the river was rushing and roaring through the rocky gorge; the lap of intermediate land was garnished with the vivid green of cane field and garden; while far beyond the wooded mountains were leaning against the sky.

As we skirted along the coast, the cliffs rose more abruptly from the sea,

and tiny rivulets, like threads of molten silver, veined the verdant slopes.

After two hours of steaming, we touched at the hamlet of Lapahoehoe, where a church, a sugar mill, and some cottages have been built upon the beach.

Here the cliffs rise to the height of three hundred feet, and the streams become roaring torrents which crumble into spray and drop into the surf.

A tramway, operated by stationary engines, has been fastened against the face of the cliff, up and down which the cars crawl like colossal flies.

Our ship lay rolling in the trough of the sea, on the lea of the long reef which juts into the ocean.

The transhipment of freight and passengers to and from the small boats

alongside was a trying and ludicrous ordeal. Men and women were seized and tossed to and fro like bales of merchandise.

It is hardly consistent with our ideas of propriety to see a human being spread out like a crab, and flying through the air.

The native sailors are stalwart men, and muscled like athletes. Stripped to the waist, they look like bronze statues; and as they play their practical jokes upon each other they display their laughing lustrous eyes and pearly teeth.

Once again under way, I could hear moans and ominous sounds from the staterooms. Happily, I myself was exempt from seasickness, and could sit upon deck and enjoy the bold and diversified scenery.

At the Kohala plantation the method of landing passengers is certainly unique. A basket is let down by a rope from the high bluff which overhangs the sea; from the small boats the nervous victims are then bundled into it, and are drawn aloft by an invisible donkey. It seems fraught with danger, although I was told that no accident had ever occurred.

As we approached Kowaihae we saw wreaths of smoke rising from the adjacent plantations, and were told that they were being burnt over preparatory to replanting.

Three or four years suffices to exhaust the cane; the old stalks are then burned, the ground thoroughly plowed, and planted anew.

The first crop yields from six to

eight tons of sugar per acre, the second from four to five, and the third perhaps three.

At this point we had a good view of one of the ancient Hawaiian sacrificial temples (or heiau), the last one erected by the natives.

As night approached, the lofty mountain of Mauna Kea came into full view; white clouds had gathered about its snow-crowned crest, and fell in fleecy folds upon its stalwart shoulders.

A rainbow, born of the mist, encircled its hoary head like a crown of glory.

The sunset was an infinite world of radiance, and the after-glow long and brilliant, an unusual circumstance in tropical climes, where night is wont to follow the setting of the sun with scarcely a suggestion of twilight.

As the last glowing cloud disappeared, the moon came forth and cast a silver belt across the waste of waters. Hawaii grew dim and distant; and I knew I had looked my last upon its lovely shores.

Two Franciscan sisters were fellow-passengers with me on the *Kinau*, and my heart went out to them, as I remembered how a little band of this sisterhood had immolated themselves upon the sacrificial altar by devoting their lives to the care of the lepers at Molokai.

Leprosy is the one dark blot upon Hawaiian life. It is regarded as infectious; but as the natives manifest no fear of contagion, it has been deemed necessary to isolate those persons who have contracted the disease.

In 1863 the Hawaiian Parliament passed an act to prevent the spread of leprosy, and founded a leper settlement on the Island of Molokai, where seven hundred lepers, with their attendants, are supported by the government.

The location is said to be healthful and pleasant, and everything is done for the care and comfort of these doomed victims.

Complete isolation is maintained, and all intercourse with the outside world is prohibited. Husband and wife, parent and child, are separated by stern necessity.

The law is no respecter of persons; the high and the low, the rich and the poor, are alike subjected to its decree.

In this lazar home, without hope,

and dead to the world, these helpless sufferers await the last summons. It is to be hoped that science in its research will find some antidote to this fell disease.

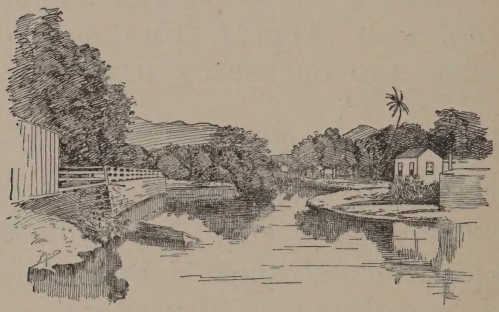
CHAPTER XXVII.

HONOLULU ONCE MORE—THE LUAU—THE FISH MARKET—PORTRAITS OF KINGS AND QUEENS OF HAWAII.

It was early morning, and Aurora was just driving her chariot over the mountain peaks as we rounded Diamond Head and caught sight of Honolulu, still sleeping in delicious repose. Two weeks of rough life had not diminished its attractions. The glories of the living crater had not robbed the dead one of its grandeur; the azure sky and rosy air still had the same ineffable charm; its crescent shores were still fringed with the same solemn

palms. And the verdant leaves and vivid flowers hovered over its homes with the same tender grace.

The jovial captain responded heartily to our *alohas*, and broke into a con-



tagious laugh when someone thanked him for having brought us safely to our haven.

We found the hotel scarcely awake, but "Birdie" was on the steps, his face beaming with the promise of prospective tips; and he ushered me into my

room with an air which made me feel that the world must have been standing still during my absence; but alas, I found that I was only a minute quantity in creation; the world had been gay; the world had been glad; even his Majesty had given a ball to the officers of a French man-of-war, which came, and conquered, and sailed away. On my table were invitations to *fêtes* and feasts which I had missed.

The native feast, *luau*, is certainly unique. It has a fashion and flavor which belong to primitive conditions.

Long before the days of the Round Table our rude forefathers must have feasted in much the same way. Beneath a thatched roof, open to the day, the ground is carpeted with leaves, upon which the guests recline.

Fingers serve as forks, and teeth take the place of knives.

From bowls and calabashes, conveniently placed, the guests help themselves until their hunger is appeased.

The menu comprises poi, boiled and baked taro, cooked and raw fish, live shrimps, and roasted pig. In the cannibal days there were other dainty dishes not to be mentioned now. The feast might end with a jorum of *awa*, brewed upon the spot.

The modified, decidedly modified, luau is not an uncommon mode of entertainment by foreign residents.

Speaking of the fish of the feast, reminds me that the fish market of Honolulu is well worth a visit. On Saturday afternoons the natives are abroad in full force, and dressed in

A MODIFIED LUAU.

their best attire. The women in their gay *holokus*, adorned with flower leis; the men in clean linen and starched jackets. They throng the streets leading to the market, and saunter through the building, buying food for the Sunday meal.

The sea pays tribute to the land, and is the unsown field which the people glean. The abundance and variety which they garner is wonderful; and all is food which comes to their net. In the stalls of this market are found turtles and eels, mollusks and crustaceans, and fish which would make glad the heart of the ichthyologist; some in silver armor, and some tinted with colors which must have been caught from the coral caves.

I went one morning, by invitation, to

see the portraits of the ancient kings of Hawaii. Kamehameha the First is represented as a doughty warrior, fierce of look and firm of feature.

He has been grandiloquently styled the "Napoleon of the Pacific," because he was a bloody chief, who delighted in conquest.

The artist has depicted him in a white linen shirt and sleeveless scarlet waistcoat. It was undoubtedly full dress at the time; and someone has facetiously suggested that it must have been presented to him by some sailor, and that it pleased His Majesty to be painted in that costume.

His career ended in 1819. The second Kamehameha died in 1842. The third reigned thirty years, and was succeeded by a grandson of the con-

queror, who died in 1863. Kaleleonalani, generally known as Queen Emma, visited England after his death; and her portrait, painted in London by a celebrated artist, hangs on the wall beside that of her husband. It is a fine painting of a remarkably handsome woman.

With the death of Kamehameha the Fifth the dynasty ended.

The steamer *Australia* arrived and brought us our longed-for budget of letters. Immediately thereafter there was a consultation, and it was decreed that our party must take leave seven days later for San Francisco.

The thought of leaving this dreamy, motionless life startled me. I felt that the soft, balmy air, and the glorious sunshine, were almost necessary to my existence.

To think that the pictures of sea and mountain and shore would be only memories soon. And then to say aloha to the dear friends who had contributed so much to my enjoyment was like taking something from life which could never be replaced.

When Hawaii is far behind me, I know I shall visit it in dreams; but alas, I shall awake with an unsatisfied longing in my heart!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HAWAIIAN CHARACTER — THE NATIVE DANCES—ONE MEMORABLE NIGHT.

THERE is much to admire, and much to commend, in the Hawaiian character. The people are amiable, honest, and generous, and have certainly shown themselves susceptible of intellectual and moral elevation.

In arithmetic, geometry, and music they show special aptitude; and their songs evince genuine poetic feeling.

Physically they are of good stature, active, and well made. The descendants of the chiefs are usually large men, and exceed in height the average European.

They are expert in swimming, and are good fishermen and horsemen.

The young women have rich olive complexions, well developed forms, black, glossy hair, and large, lustrous eyes, and many of them may be considered beautiful.

I regret that I have not seen more of their home life and had an opportunity to witness their wonderful sea sports.

The native dances, as described to me by a lady friend, are certainly somewhat peculiar, and it is even said, that, in barbaric days, young maidens were wont to take part in these pastimes, like Venus,

Veiled in phantom robes of spray.

In all ages, and among all peoples, intense emotion has found expression

NATIVE DANCING GIRLS DECORATED WITH LEIS.

in the rhythmical measure of the dance. The emphasis and cadence of muscular motion seems to give pleasure both to the spectator and the dancer.

Whether *hu-la hu-la* is better or worse than the *can-can,* I must leave it to those who have seen both to decide. We are wont to cloak our own iniquities, and to hold up our hands in holy horror at the sins of others, forgetting that "to the pure in heart all things are pure."

As the days of my stay waned I became parsimonious of the flying hours; I longed to live it all over again; I wanted to catch and retain forever the magical charm of the island world. I could not remain indoors, but must fain go forth into the sunshine and drink in the enchantment. I walked, I

drove, I spent all the day and half the night in going here and there.

Since my return from the volcano the weather had been upon its good behavior. There was a faint suspicion of cloud-rack about the distant peaks, but otherwise the full face of heaven was serene.

We stole away one memorable night and went down to the haunt of the sirens, that unwritten poem by the sea; halting for a brief space at the college grounds, to see that which I had always regarded as a rare sight, the night-blooming cereus in flower. We found not one, not ten, but a thousand which had opened their waxen hearts to the night. They looked like fretwork of chiseled marble on the columnar stalks of the cacti.

Leaving this rare flower show, we drove on to Waikiki. From the *lanai* of each villa came laughter and song as we passed ; knots of native musicians were strolling through the streets, and singing to the accompaniment of *taro-patch* and *ukelele ;* while the Royal Band from afar flooded the air with music.

On past the sentry palms, and over the rustic bridge to where the waves fell lovingly upon the sands, we went.

We entered Kapiolani Park, and reached the hotel, which looks upon the sea, under the shadow of Diamond Head.

Other pleasure seekers were there before us, tempted by the aërial witchery of the night, and the harmony of the waters.

The swooning wind toyed with the feathery plumes of the algeroba, and the air was ladened with the perfume of flowers.

Down by the beach young men and maidens were bathing, and disporting themselves like Tritons and nymphs in the brine.

To thoroughly enjoy it all, one must be a poet and not a philosopher, a lover of beauty and not a disciple of mammon.

WAIKIKI.

The cocoa with its crest of spears,
  Stands sentry 'round the crescent shore.
The algeroba, bent with years,
  Keeps watch beside the lanai door.
The cool winds fan the mango's cheek,
  The mynah flits from tree to tree,
And zephyrs to the roses speak
  Their sweetest words at Waikiki.

Like truant children of the deep
Escaped behind a coral wall,
The lisping wavelets laugh and leap,
Nor heed old ocean's stern recall.
All day they frolic on the sands,
Kiss pink-lipped shells in wanton glee,
Make windrows with their patting hands,
And singing, sleep at Waikiki.

O Waikiki! O scene of peace!
O home of beauty and of dreams!
No haven in the Isles of Greece
Can chord the heart to sweeter themes.
For houries haunt the broad lanais,
While scented zephyrs cool the lea,
And, looking down from sunset skies,
The angels smile on Waikiki.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FAREWELL TO HAWAII.

With the vision of the night before haunting my brain, I determined to return some of the civilities shown me by the residents of Honolulu, and invite them to an entertainment in this seaside paradise.

The *Australia*, which was to bear me away, was to sail on Friday, so Tuesday was selected for the fête, and invitations were issued.

One hundred or more were accepted, including that to His Majesty.

The evening was propitious; the house and grounds were lighted with

lanterns and colored lights. The moon lent her full self to the illumina-

tions, and cast her silver train over the rippling waves.

The native musicians were in good tune and voice, and sang between the waltzes their tender roundelays.

I transcribe a verse of one of the songs selected and sung by them as being appropriate to the occasion.

Ha–a–he–o ka–na i–no–pa
Ke–ni–hi ar–la–i–ka na–he–le
Eu–hai a–na–pa–ha i–ka–li–ko
Pu–a le–hu–a a–hi–hi o–u–ka.

CHORUS.

A–lo–ha oe a–lo–ha oe
E–ke–o–ha o–na–no–hoi–i–ka li po.

(*Translated.*)

O fond embrace, O fond embrace
Until we meet again.

I heartily rejoiced in this opportunity to welcome the friends who had been so kind to me; and my, for the time being, *lanai* was bright with glad faces and gay gowns and flashing uniforms. We lingered so long that the moon left the stars to light us on our homeward way.

The two remaining days of my stay were occupied in receiving and paying visits, while luncheons, teas, and din-

ners filled up the intervening spaces, so that Friday morning found me scarcely prepared to embark; but by dint of early rising I managed to make ready.

I had been wreathed and decorated with *leis* until I looked like an animated nosegay; and thus, tangled with flaunting flowers, I reached the ship, barely in time.

As the *Australia* swung from her moorings the wharf was packed with people and the air was palpitating with spoken and unspoken adieux.

The band struck up "Auld lang syne," and the strain went direct to my heart, for I felt that I was looking my last upon these dear faces and delightful scenes.

As we passed the flagship *Charles-*

ton a salute was fired, and the music of the ship's band was the last sound wafted to us from Hawaii's loved shores.

I leaned over the gunwale to watch the receding picture, and to photograph it forever upon my memory.

I speak only the unvarnished truth, when I say that I felt then and now that I was leaving the fragment of a well-nigh perfect world; an after-Eden, where humanity can dwell without the curse; where life is a dream and time goes by on silken wings.

Its unshorn gardens are bowers of bud and bloom, of fruit and flower. Its air is a wave of tropical balm, tempered by the briny breath of ocean. Its sunsets and its dawns are pictures of delight. Its shore lines are curves

of beauty, and it is lulled forever by the song of the sea. It has mountains whose heads are hoar with the frost of Arctic winters, and whose feet rest amid the verdure of eternal summer. It is a grand temple where the deformity of art has not marred the perfection of nature.

Dear land, *aloha, aloha nui.*

CHAPTER XXX.

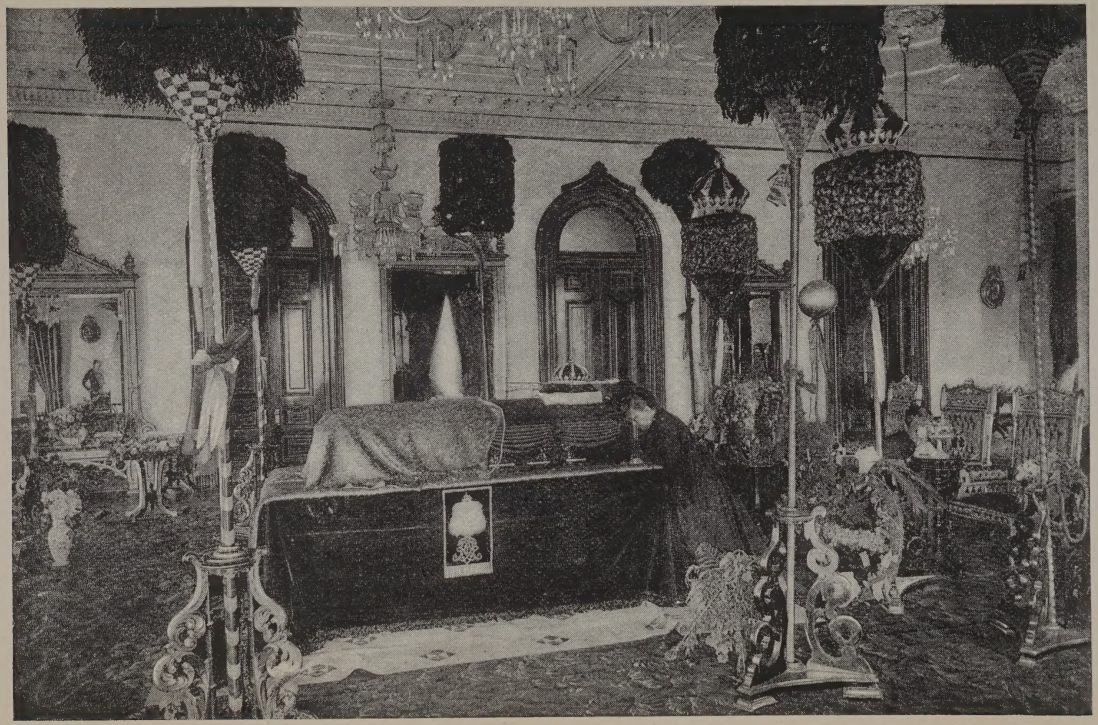
POSTSCRIPTUM.

DEATH OF KING KALAKAUA—SAD SCENES AT HONOLULU—QUEEN LILIUOKAULANI.

SINCE the foregoing pages were written, the heart of Hawaii has been made sad by the death of King Kalakaua.

For a time His Majesty had been somewhat indisposed, and it was thought that a change might prove beneficial.

Learning this fact, Admiral Brown placed the U. S. S. *Charleston* at his disposal, and in her he came to San Francisco.



QUEEN KAPIOLANI AT THE COFFIN OF THE KING.

QUEEN LILIUOKAULANI.

He had always been a favorite with the people of California, and in former visits, by his genial and unpretentious manners, had made hosts of friends. Upon his arrival both public and private courtesies were extended to him.

One of the last entertainments which he attended was for the benefit of the poor children of San Francisco, and, considering the state of his health, it was regarded as a most unselfish act on his part, and one which manifested his kindness of heart.

The insidious disease of which he was a victim seemed to develop rapidly after his arrival, and he died in his apartments at the Palace Hotel on the 20th day of January, 1891.

All that skill and kindness could do was done for the dying monarch.

The people of San Francisco were filled with solicitude, and hoped against hope to the last.

His remains were tenderly cared for, and with becoming pomp and ceremony were borne to the U. S. S. *Charleston* to be transmitted to his beloved islands.

It is perhaps the misfortune of kings that they can never be considered from a purely personal standpoint; but Kalakaua was essentially a people's sovereign, and the humblest native found no difficulty in getting his ear, and he took a deep interest in the affairs of his people, and listened patiently to their complaints. His last conscious act was to direct his secretary to send money to an unfortunate dying Hawaiian woman.

He was descended from the ancient kings of Hawaii, and was born at Honolulu on the 16th day of November, 1836. He was elected King of Hawaii on the 12th day of February, 1874, after which he made a tour of the world.

He was a man of fine personal appearance, and of no mean attainments; he had infinite tact and a pleasing address.

His people had bidden him adieu with an ominous presentiment in their hearts, and yet they eagerly awaited his return and prepared to give him a royal welcome. The streets of Honolulu were made gay with flags and festoons, and triumphal arches had been erected in anticipation of his arrival.

When the *Charleston* rounded Dia-

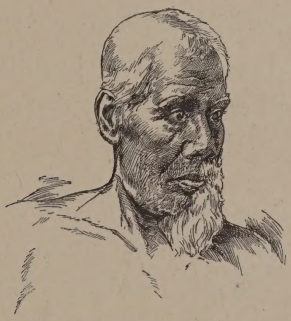
mond Head with flags at half-mast, and it was announced that she bore the body of the dead king, one universal wail of sorrow went up from the people, and the royal household was stricken with grief. The preparations for his reception ceased and the triumphal arches were draped with mourning. The body was received at the steps of the palace by the kahili bearers, and carried to the throne room, where it lay in state. The crown and scepter were placed upon the casket, and it was draped with the royal feather robe.

Kahilis were fixed at the head and foot of the bier, and on either side kahili bearers were stationed who waved these mournful emblems with slow and measured motion.

Over the entrance to the grounds a

black arch was erected surmounted by a crown, and at the steps of the palace torches were lighted, and kept burning day and night.

It is the custom for the Hawaiians to shave the right side of the head or



beard at the death of the king, and many of the kahili bearers around Kalakaua's bier had disfigured themselves in this fashion.

On the day set apart for the people to view the remains, the entire native

population seemed to file through the rooms weeping and wailing with anguish. The native women sang *meles*, and the men recited *olis*, in a sad and plaintive key.

The body was deposited in the royal mausoleum with great ceremony. People of all classes and nationalities united in this tribute of respect to the dead monarch.

> The gentle ways of gentle men,
> The prudent tact, the subtle ken,
> The speech sincere, the open hand,
> The heart that beat for race and land,
> Far more than for thy heraldry,
> For *these*, *O King*, *we honor thee!*

The union of Kalakaua and Kapiolani was not blessed with children, and in April, 1877, the king's sister, Princess Lydia Kamakeha Liliuokaulani,

was by him declared heir apparent to the throne.

Queen Liliuokaulani was born in Honolulu, September 2, 1838, and is a descendant of the noblest of Hawaiian chiefs. Her education was more carefully looked after than even that of her brother Kalakaua. Her accomplishments are linguistic and musical, and in the arrangement and composition of music she has achieved considerable fame outside her kingdom. She married, in 1862, John O. Dominis, one of her schoolmates, a young man born in Massachusetts, of English parents, but educated in Honolulu.

Governor Dominis has been a perpetual officeholder, and a more good-natured, genial governor never lived. The country house of the queen and

her consort is a charming bungalow at Waimea. All friends who drift that way, when the governor and his wife are in the occupancy, are sure of a most delightful welcome. Dinner is the only formal meal. That means full evening dress and a spice of formality. You rise when you please; before you is the limpid water of the blue Pacific for a bath; you breakfast in the broad lanai upon pond mullet baked in Ti leaves. You lounge in the hammock and listen to the sough of the waves on the long coral reefs, and enjoy the perfect laziness of tropical repose, until the hour for another dip, before dressing for dinner.

Her reign, it is predicted, will be a happy one for her people, as she believes in Hawaii for the Hawaiians.

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